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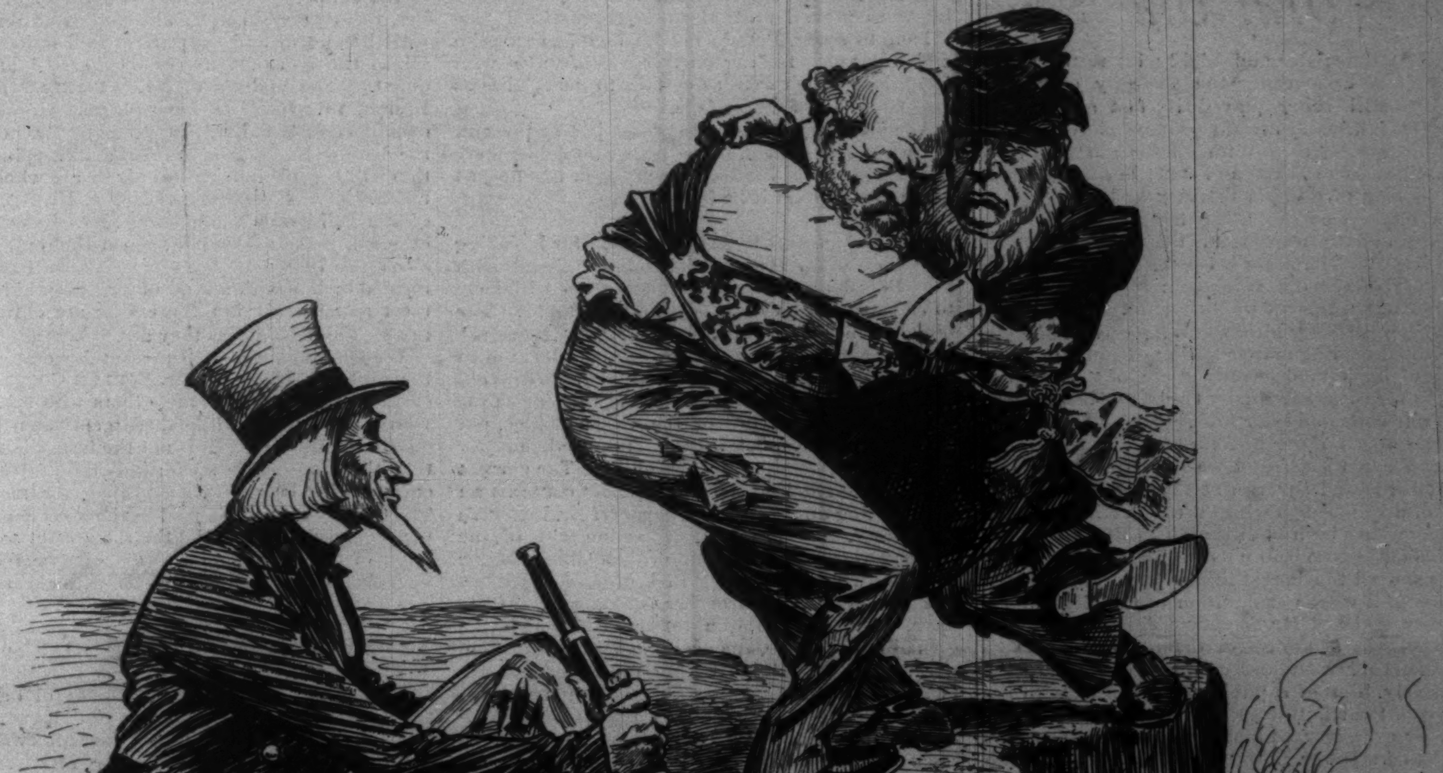
FORESIGHT.
INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS
W. A. Rogers.

A WORD TO THE WISE

"HAVEN'T YOU GENTLEMEN GOT TO A POINT WHERE YOU'D BETTER QUIT?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 24, 1900

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The Old, Old Story

The popular and highly interesting game of discovering the perfectly obvious is still being played in fast and furious fashion by certain good people who dwell among us. With all the glory of huge head-lines, some in red and some in sombre black, the looting of a city's treasury and the "news" of a city's vice are being flaunted in the face of a watching world, and the watching world complacently simulates a horrified surprise at the retelling of the old, old story; at the public rehearsal of a drama of whose thrilling details it has long been perfectly aware. Whole pages of closely printed reading-matter telling of gambling-dens here, of halls of depravity there, of "wide-openness" everywhere, are daily thrust under our noses with our coffee and our rolls. They have become as truly a part of our breakfast-table adornment as the coffee-urn itself, and we lift our eyebrows in holy horror and surprise at the sickening revelation of a viciousness with all the details of which we have long been familiar. The Reverend Doctor This lays bare before us with a great and clerical gusto all the horrid things he has seen in the course of a week's exploration of the city's dives; the distinguished Mr. Secretary That of the Civic Club tells us of the awful dereliction of a city's guardians of law and order; and the Honorable Mr. Somebody, himself a public official, who, with the record of their faithlessness clear and open before his very eyes, worked tooth and nail to place the faithless in power, now "disillusioned" holds up his hands in horror as with trembling voice he proclaims the wickedness of his associates. But these gentlemen do not tell us that if the conditions which exist are intolerable it is themselves who must accept a large measure of responsibility for them, yet this is the fact. The outburst is periodic, and it is inspired no doubt by righteousness, but the agitators apparently content themselves with their righteousness; for when the time for action comes they either do not act at all, or they do so in so puerile a fashion that their efforts are worse than nil, provoking the derision of the wicked and the tears of the good citizens. Foolish questions of personal dignity, quarrels over methods, differences of the pettiest character, not only impede, but render futile, the efforts of any sincere movement for the betterment of affairs. There is no use blinking the fact that while a vast number of public officials would undoubtedly benefit by a prolonged and enforced course of study in some one of our many State reformatories, the reformers themselves are equally in need of a drastic course of training in a school of common-sense; and until the independent citizen realizes that the strength of any movement lies wholly in a surrender of individual caprice to the will of the majority, we may expect things to go on very much as they are now going on. Unity of method is as essential to success as unity of purpose. Furthermore, no man may sit comfortably at home and reform the outside world with his theories. The man who proposes to do real work must go out into the fields and put his own hand to the plough; and if in the furrows he comes to a muddy spot, he must go through it himself without shirking and without whining, if he is to complete his task. With reformers in the clouds they cannot hope to rescue those who wallow in the mud, and until our committees of sixty, seventy, or eighty come down to earth and accept the conditions which there prevail, their efforts will avail nothing either to themselves or to others; the old story will be told once more, and the sickening revelation which is no surprise will continue to "astound and horrify mankind."

An Inevitable Result

It is hardly necessary for the Weekly to advert to the situation in municipal affairs as it existed eighteen months ago. The fight then on is of too recent date to have been forgotten, but it is proper to say that those who, in the face of a common enemy, turned their backs upon him to rend each other, cannot evade their responsibility for conditions which now prevail. The common enemy was as contemptuous of them then as he is now; he made no promises then which he is now breaking; he gave notice to the electors in plain words that he cared not a snap of his fingers for reform, and he gloried in his wickedness. Yet, in spite of this, those who should have opposed him with all the force and courage which the morality of their principles should have enabled them to exert, resorted to bickerings, split their camp into two irreconcilable halves, and went down in defeat snarling at each other.

By all means let us have clean living and clean rulers. Let us expose whatever viciousness we know to prevail until those who practise it are driven to cover, but do not let us affect surprise and dismay at finding ourselves confronted with conditions which were as certain to materialize as that two and two make four.

We are taking some bitter doses just at present, but we deserve them. The man who deliberately chooses to expose himself to contagion has no just cause to complain if he falls ill.

The Case of Mr. Rhodes

There appears to be good reason for believing that when Great Britain has finished with President Kruger, some attention will have to be paid to the case of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The broad shoulders of this South-African "colossus" have had to bear many heavy burdens, but unless signs are misleading, the heaviest of these is shortly to come in the fixing of the responsibility, not only for the conflict in the Transvaal, but for British unpreparedness at the outset. The current issue of the *North American Review* contains an illuminating and suggestive paper on Mr. Rhodes's culpability, and it is an expression, not of the partisan views of a Boer, but of the opinions of one of those who are fighting in behalf of the interests which Mr. Rhodes has, or is supposed to have, at heart. It would seem as though the great man of the Cape had not acted in a manner wholly candid in leading the home government to believe that war was an impossibility; and it is wholly true that in making his foolhardy trip to Kimberley, and then demanding to be rescued from the perils he had deliberately incurred, he seriously embarrassed those in charge of the British campaign.

When peace is declared—and all men are devoutly wishing that it soon will be—and President Kruger is definitely disposed of—and every one is hoping that the valorous old Dutchman will find the severity of his treatment mitigated by a due consideration of his many virtues—there will undoubtedly be a bad quarter of an hour ahead of the man who brought about most of the trouble.

It would have suited the ideas of justice of many had Great Britain first permitted the Boers to capture and deal with Mr. Rhodes, and after that dealt with his captors as seemed best. It seems hardly proper that the delights of St. Helena should be reserved wholly for Mr. Rhodes's enemies. His resemblance to the captive who first brought St. Helena into prominence is not the only feature of the situation which suggests the propriety of his occupying one of the niches in that remote Island Temple of Fame.

As to Public Speaking

Those who take pleasure in pointing out our deficiencies, as compared to qualities we once had, have often dilated upon the decay of public speaking. In a vociferous age, these have contended, it is a sad fact that we have no great orators; and one of our contemporaries, published every evening in the city of New York, deprecating "yellowness" but full of biliousness, has gone so far as to consider editorially the decadence of listening, in a commendable desire to place the responsibility for our lack of real orators upon the Man with the Ear. The main difficulty with this argument lies in the fact that, thanks to an alert press, the man with something to say does not need to rely upon those within range of his voice; and if oratory has declined, orators cannot claim that their alleged shortcomings are due to the deafness or the conviviality of those about them. No man engaged in public speaking at this time is denied an audience. It may be that at the moment of his utterance of his views one of his best periods is spoiled by the popping of a cork, or by some cheerful and irrelevant observation by an individual who has dined too well; but it is a mistake for any one to think that because these things happen the real orator has no chance, and that, realizing this fact, he therefore does not take the trouble to acquit himself creditably.

Some of the Facts

The truth is that there has never been a time in the history of our country when the man with an idea worth expressing has had a better opportunity to express it, or an audience more anxious to give to his words their full meed of appreciation, than to-day; and it is the truth also that we have no lack of eloquent and forceful speakers worthy of our attention at this moment. The past few weeks have amply testified to these facts. We have had addresses from public men within the month gone by which have dealt with large public questions in a fashion that is worthy of our best traditions. The recent speech of the President at the Ohio Society dinner, to our way of thinking, was memorable. It was frank and manly, it was thoughtful and suggestive; and it was, above all, as timely as it was well conceived and eloquent. The address of Mr. Whitelaw Reid at Boston, to which we have already alluded, was equally commendable; the speech of Mr. Lodge in the United States Senate on the Philippine question will become historic, unless we are wholly mistaken. Mr. Littlefield of Maine, Mr. Schurman of the Philippine Commission, Mr. Barret, and others, have added their quota to the total sum of eloquence of recent date—in short, we have been regaled of late with a kind of public speaking that must reassure all but those who are chronically unable to see things as they are.

We must not confound present-day oratory with the oral ebullitions of Mr. Bourke Cockran and of Mr. Bryan. There are others who speak and who sway nations, while these gentlemen merely entertain audiences. It is not the immediate effect that the true orator seeks; it is the lasting influence of what he gives voice to that he cares about. The oratory that reads well in the next morning's papers, and that can stand the thoughtful consideration of the great public, is more to be reckoned with than the stuff that is greeted with cheers at the moment of delivery.

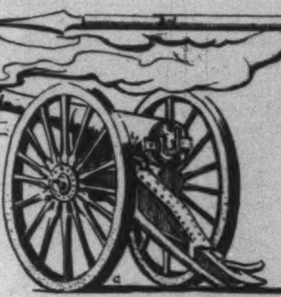
Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Frick

It sometimes happens, however, that an after-dinner speech which is received with uproarious approbation at the moment of delivery, though devoid of the quality of real eloquence, attains to almost majestic proportions afterwards. A fair example of this particular kind of post-prandial oratory was that in which Mr. Carnegie gave Mr. Frick to understand that the riches of Golconda looked like the proverbial "thirty cents" alongside of the prospects of the iron-works in which at that time Mr. Frick fondly imagined he had an interest. We can easily imagine the details of that picture which Mr. Carnegie only faintly suggests in his reply to Mr. Frick's recent contentions. Here were a number of gentlemen eating a simple luncheon together, without any particular thought of the morrow, and one of them in an expansive moment assures the rest that within the year to come the tide of riches that will flow into their coffers will be overwhelming. What a rubbing of hands there must have been, and what a glorious tip must the waiter who served that luncheon have received!

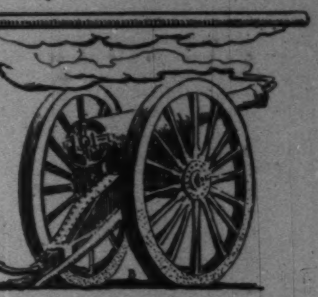
And to think that it was all a joke. Poor Mr. Frick! No wonder he developed an irritability which made him a *persona non grata* to Mr. Carnegie and his fellows. No man likes to be led to believe that he is a multi-millionaire, and then have his holdings cut down to a paltry $5,000,000. We cannot blame him for becoming bad-tempered, and demanding a larger settlement through the law-courts. Neither Mr. Carnegie nor any other humorist has a right to indulge in such cruel jests at the expense of others.

Mr. Carnegie's other joke that Mr. Frick's holdings represent an investment of less than $200 is equally unfortunate, because it leaves the door open for Mr. Frick to ask how much Mr. Carnegie had beyond his brains when he made his own first venture in the world of business. Furthermore, we have a distinct recollection that besides his $200 and his energies, Mr. Frick once put in several weeks on a racking bed of pain, with more lead than iron in his system, owing to his having borne the brunt of one of Mr. Carnegie's battles.

But enough of this. The Weekly has no particular interest in the present differences of these gentlemen. It only hopes that they will stop joking at each other's expense, eat another luncheon together, and part friends.



The Way They Feel In England



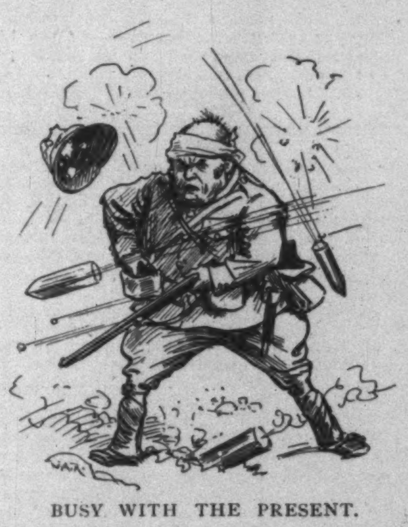
By EDWARD INSLEY

IT is a familiar sound, this shuffling of many feet along the pavement outside my window. It grows in volume as I listen, and then comes the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of marching men. Only a detachment of soldiers in uniforms of brown khaki passing—nothing novel about the scene. It has been repeated often in the last few months. Surely that is the same gray-haired mother running to keep up with the boyish recruit, the same child grasping daddy's big fingers more tightly as the little feet patter along. And I see again the big corporal talking to the young girl beside him with that air of cheerfulness which contrasts so oddly with her tear-stained countenance. Sisters, mothers, wives, brothers, in this hurrying throng. I can hardly tell from the sympathetic faces in the surging crowd whether any are mere onlookers like myself. Some tie of common feeling seems to bind them together. There is no cheering. And now I think of it, I have heard no cheering when the same—is it not the same?—crowd has passed before. That will come later, doubtless, when the train pulls out of the station—both tears and cheers, as swelling patriotism contends in these honest breasts with the sadness of parting and the forebodings of evil. Then a long period of heart-breaking anxiety, and at the end more bitter tears—without the cheers.

"Heroes? Nonsense! Mercenaries of Mammon!" The brow of my friend the pharisee is dark with indignation. "Go and tell these poor deluded people that it is an unjust war, that a wise statesmanship would have avoided it, that these men in khaki are the hirelings of a corrupt clique to shoot down honest republican farmers, to rob them of home and country. Tell them—" Softly, my friend. Not yet, not yet. They are not in a mood to listen patiently. Do not be misled by the tolerance with which the pro-Boer speeches are received in Parliament. It does not extend beyond the gates of Westminster, as Mr. Labouchere can tell you now. Do not be misled by the printed plea, which one need not read. It does not extend to public meetings, as Mr. Stead can tell you now.

In the British army in South Africa there will soon be nearly 200,000 such men. If they are mercenaries, they do not know it. If they fight under the banner of Mammon, they are innocent of its unrighteousness. In their breasts burns the same sacred fire of patriotism that animates the defenders of other homes and countries. Multiply this total by an integer—do not make it a small one—and you will have the approximate number of people who have participated recently in such scenes as I have just described, and the number of those who eagerly scan the daily papers, fearing to find some loved name in those lists of the fallen which appear with such appalling frequency; you will understand the tense waiting of a nation for news from battle-fields 7000 miles away; you will detect, perhaps, an influence more potent than academic discussion in the forming of public opinion.

England is thickly populated; people live in the same neighborhoods for many generations; and they have more of what Mr. Martin calls "the greatest thing in the world"—folks—than the average American. Every soldier who goes to the front leaves behind him five more supporters for the government, and every one who dies at least a score. Why this is so Professor James or Dr. Sidis would explain in a better way, perhaps, by what the alienists call "crowd psychology." But they would use geometrical progression instead of the multiplication table in making their calculations—a method which, I fear, in my unskilled hands, would not leave the Irish member a leg—or a constituent—to stand upon.



BUSY WITH THE PRESENT.

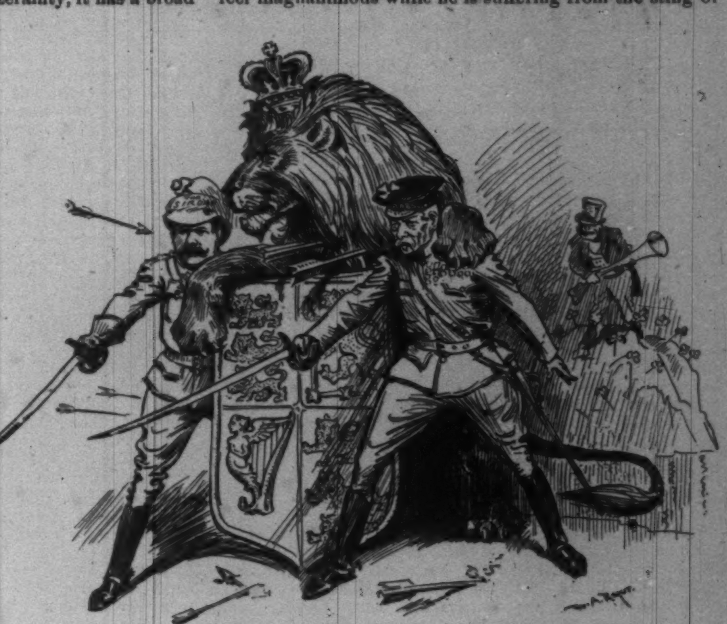
Public opinion in England approves the war. The Englishman has disliked the Boer for more than a generation. Majuba accounts for it only in part. The antagonism has been sedulously cultivated—possibly in a way which Mr. Rhodes could throw light upon. It has long been a factor of prime importance in the Transvaal question. The feeling that war alone could settle it became a conviction with the Englishman years ago. In his heart he was not averse to such a war.

Now he has his war. It was forced upon him by the Boer, he thinks, but he is not sorry, and the Boer must take the consequences. It came sooner than he expected, and the government was caught unprepared. He does not blame the government for the war. But he is profoundly shocked by the revelation of unpreparedness and incompetence in those he trusted so fully.

He believes his cause is just. Has not even the Church told him so—both Anglican and Roman Catholic? While statesmen split hairs in defining suzerainty, it has a broad and comprehensive meaning for him—an unwarranted one, but he believes in it none the less sincerely. His misconception on this point may not be entirely an accidental one.

There has never been a time since the war began when peace was possible without the complete submission of the Boers. No "letting up," but "fight harder." This is the keystone in the arch of English public opinion. A different policy by the government is impossible, and is likely to be so to the end.

English public opinion, as I have outlined it, is not the opinion merely of the "mob," it does not belong particularly to the class of society from which the private soldier is chiefly recruited, but it is the pervading and predominating one in the nation, from proletariat to prince. It is the expression of sentiment as one finds it in the streets and in the clubs, in Whitechapel and in Mayfair, in the bar-room, the church, and the home.



ATTITUDE OF SOME IRISHMEN ON THE AFRICAN WAR.
Kitchener and "Bobs" are entitled to wear Shamrocks.

Our war with Spain does not give us an adequate analogy for the present situation in Great Britain. We sent fewer soldiers in proportion to the population; we saw less of their going in our broad country; most of them never reached the scene of action; there were not battles almost every day; our killed and wounded were numbered in hundreds—not thousands, and we had not defeat after defeat to try our nerves and inflame our patriotism. And now, away from these influences, with minds free from the tortures of anxiety and the passions of strife, Americans view the conflict with clearer eyes, and are able to give cause and effect their proper perspective. The merits of the Transvaal question are understood better in the United States to-day than in England. There has been freer discussion, disassociated from prejudices, excitement, and self-interest. But it matters not with Englishmen just now who was right and who was wrong in the beginning. Shall Americans censure the patriotism which echoes Stephen Decatur's immortal words, "Right or wrong, my country"?

The objective view naturally takes a wider scope than the subjective. It is the difference between looking at a house from without and from within. The former gives a foreground and a background. Thus do other nations see the Transvaal tragedy. Its past and its future enter into the picture with the present. For the Englishman, however, it is separated into three distinct and contrasting tenses. He is not altogether unmindful of the past or of the future, but he is so deeply concerned now with the present that it irritates him to have past or future thrust upon his attention. This feeling is accurately depicted in one of Mr. Punch's recent cartoons. On the wall of a school-room hangs a map of South Africa, disfigured by a dirty blotch. The schoolmaster (John Bull) is looking down sternly at a boy (Campbell-Bannerman), who says, "Please, sir, I can tell who did it." Near by stand two other boys (Chamberlain and Lansdowne), in apparent disgrace. "Never mind who did it. Get together and clean off this mess," says the teacher, sharply. Mr. Punch shrewdly refrains from characterizing the blotch by name. As seen by the eyes of most Englishmen, it does not mean the war *per se*, but British defeat and unpreparedness for war.

A censorious world, having come to the conclusion that England's cause is unjust, may interpret the recent overwhelming majorities for the government in the Commons and by-elections as cumulative evidence that the people of England fully indorse all for which Mr. Chamberlain stands. But this is far from the truth. It means that the war must be vigorously prosecuted to a victorious result, not necessarily anything more. In response to Mr. Asquith's taunt, "*Litera scripta manet*," Mr. Chamberlain defiantly replies, "I would not change one word." Will public opinion remain as unyielding when it has time to consider the written word with the folly that did not foresee its consequences? I know only that it will be sincere and irresistible. Mr. Chamberlain may believe that "The age of virtuous politics is past, and we are deep in that of cold pretence"; he misunderstood the temper of one nation, and may find the task of stifling the conscience of his own people, whom he has misled, a serious undertaking. Conscience has been defined as the present opinion a man has of his own actions. England feels that she is inspired by the highest patriotism in straining every nerve to prevent the impending "crash of the empire." She will consider later how she came to this pass, Mr. Chamberlain's responsibility, and her own responsibility for Mr. Chamberlain. It is a poor time to appeal to a man's conscience when he is getting a good thrashing. He cannot feel magnanimous while he is suffering from the sting of defeat. He wants to fight. This passion displaces all other sentiments for the moment, resulting in amnesia so far as the conscience is concerned.

It is not greed of conquest but lust of battle that is upon England to-day—the desire to wipe out humiliation, to atone for defeats, to recover lost prestige, and to "save the empire." It is too soon to appeal to England's conscience or England's magnanimity.

Until now I have spoken of public opinion in England as though it were homogeneous, stable, and well defined, in order that its character might be clearly perceived and its influence understood. Obviously, that to which I have had constant reference is the general opinion, the acquiescence of a majority in certain ideas, the consensus necessary to the existence of governments. That there is wide divergence among Englishmen from this general opinion we all know. And that one of its divergent phases should ultimately prevail, and itself become public opinion, would repeat an old story in history.

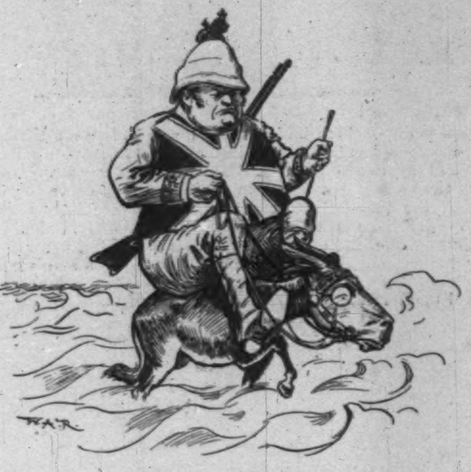
The opposition to the prevailing tone of opinion in England finds its first analysis in the attitude of political parties, and as so resolved may be classified roughly as Irish (which of course is not English to any considerable extent), Radical, and "Little-Englander." There is nothing of significance in the attitude of the Irish members of Parliament beyond a manifestation of unity under the leadership of John Redmond, "the new Parnell," and fresh demonstration that "England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity." It does not appear clearly that any specific opportunity goes with the present extremity, except emphasizing Irish hostility toward England, further alienating English sympathy, widening the breach between the two peoples, and making another home-rule coalition with an English political party nearly impossible. But thousands of Ireland's sons are fighting gallantly in South Africa for the empire. The three great commanders of the army, Wolseley, Roberts, and Kitchener, are all Irishmen. For every British victory there must be some rejoicing in Ireland. I am inclined to think that the real sentiment in Ireland is both literally and figuratively a slight paraphrase of that of the old woman: "Go it, husband; go it, Boer." Certainly the attitude of the Irish in Parliament and in America has hurt the Boer cause more than it has helped it, by increasing English resentment.

The official coterie of Liberals which acknowledges Campbell-Bannerman's leadership without reservation is composed of the anti-imperialists, or "Little-Englanders." It finds itself in very much the same position as the candidate for the Presidency in the Biglow papers, who declared:

Ez fer the war, I go agin it,—
  I mean to say, I kind o' du,—
Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
  The best way wuz to fight it thru.

We must class the Radicals separately, although most of them glory in anti-imperialism. They have different leaders, and these leaders, unlike Campbell-Bannerman and his retinue, are uncompromising in their attitude. Ten of the eleven labor representatives in Parliament are outspoken in denunciation of the war. They have the best fighters and they have the important advantage of a daily newspaper, around which all the elements of the peace party have rallied.

It is to be feared, however, that the rank and file of the Radicals are not so steadfast, but much inclined to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. As strong as he is with his Battersea constituency, John Burns would not care to put its true sentiment on the war to a test. Mr. Labouchere has ignored a challenge of this nature.



IT IS AS IMPOLITIC TO SWAP DONKEYS AS HORSES WHILE CROSSING THE STREAM.

Political parties are not the keepers of England's conscience. Truth knows no such ties. Unmindful of ridicule, and even violence, a devoted band of fearless, patriotic Englishmen, recruited from all parties, has never ceased, since the war began, to call upon their country's conscience. All honor to men like Sir Edward Clarke, a Conservative, who sacrificed his seat in Parliament to his convictions! Honor to men like Professor Bryce, Herbert Spencer, Frederic Harrison, William Watson, and H. W. Massingham, who do not hesitate to speak the truth, heedless of clamor and calumny! Truth refuses to make truces with error.

Speaking the truth out of season as well as in season, however, has some serious disadvantages. *Veritas parit odium.* These men are earnest and sincere, but will England listen to them? Will the truth prevail as it is promised? The truth is not always welcome. Those who speak it conscientiously are sometimes accused of a lack of tact. The vulgar intellect especially does not receive reproof or contradiction graciously. Hence it has come to pass that the most brilliant minds in England have lost their hold upon the multitude. Their influence has become distinctly lessened. Their leadership is discredited. And when the time becomes ripe for working the change they desire in public opinion, when the multitude is in a more complaisant mood, these are not the men who will be hearkened to most willingly. They have demanded of the masses the impossible—the perfect logic, the subtle prescience in dealing with a great question that they themselves possess. And they have assisted in moulding the opinion of the world against England.

England is callous to European criticism. She holds it in contempt. Its only effect has been to strengthen the hands of the war party. But the United States is looked upon as a friend—an only friend. So far, American comment has been judiciously edited before reproduction here. But if to a hostile Europe there is added a hostile America, when the time comes for passing sentence upon the subjugated Boers, exasperation may deprive the Boers of their last hope of magnanimity. William Archer, who has recently visited the United States (and has since enrolled himself as a volunteer), tells his countrymen that—"It is one of the incidental disadvantages of our present South-African troubles that they lend themselves peculiarly to the anti-imperial campaign in America, and furnish a temptation to one of the great parties to stamp itself as anti-British, and to the other to purge itself of the charge by a firm attitude towards Great Britain."

Nothing more fatal to Boer hopes could happen than this. England will give heed to friendly advice from America. It will have more influence than that from any other quarter. But a "firm attitude," or meddling of any kind, will not be tolerated. England with her fleet will cry "hands off" to the whole world. Venezuela must not be taken as a precedent in estimating the English disposition. That was as a mole-hill to a mountain when compared with the Transvaal question.

In the conception of the English attitude toward the Boers after the war is over, the gradual change that is taking place in English opinion as to the character of the Boer is an important factor. In spite of Majuba, he was despised as well as hated before this war began. It was believed that Jameson's little band of raiders would have been successful except for fortuitous circumstances. The Englishman admires courage, and he is discovering now that the Boer, like Fuzzy-Wuzzy, is "a first-class fighting-man." His own astonishment unconsciously pleads in palliation of the government's unpreparedness.

Yet it is difficult to believe that Lord Salisbury's words, "We seek no territory, no gold," will be read in the present tense after Pretoria has fallen. Whether England will be magnanimous or exact the last pound of flesh depends largely upon the hands that hold the reins at the time. If they are Mr. Chamberlain's, the forecast is simplified. Mr. Chamberlain's views will prevail over the *obiter dictum* of one who has shown amazing weakness instead of strength in the hour of his country's trial.

A Premier, to the ordinary apprehension, implies a dictator, but, as Lord Rosebery says in a monograph on Sir Robert Peel, "he has only the influence with the cabinet which are given him by his personal arguments, his personal qualities, his personal weight." Any one of his ministers may be more powerful, and each one is so in his own particular department. Lord Salisbury is not responsible for the past history of the Transvaal question, nor will he be for its future.

From his Royal Highness down to Hodge there is a distinct impression that the war, despite its "inevitableness," is Mr. Chamberlain's war. When the battle clouds roll away, and England finds herself facing another Irish question in South Africa, will she regard Mr. Chamberlain as the proper man to solve the problem? I doubt it. Three years ago Mr. Chamberlain said:

"A war in South Africa would leave behind it the embers of a strife which I believe generations would hardly be long enough to extinguish. To go to war with President Kruger in order to force upon him reforms in the internal affairs of his state, in which Secretaries of State, standing in this place, have repudiated all right of interference, that would be a course of action as immoral as it would have been unwise."

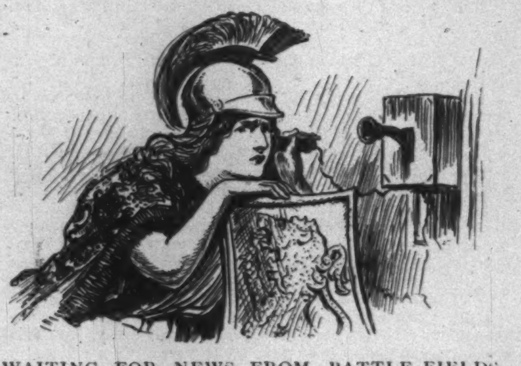
It does not read well in the light of recent events. Public faith in Mr. Chamberlain is disintegrating, his ephemeral triumph in the Commons the other day to the contrary notwithstanding. Even granting that public opinion still adheres to the postulate that the war could not have been avoided, is Chamberlain the man to make peace, to quench these embers of civil strife?

Seldom has a ministry been so strong or so unanimously condemned. The exigencies of the moment obtain for it the support of an overwhelming majority both in and out of Parliament. But with even greater unanimity the government is denounced because of its unpreparedness for war, its fatuity in risking the empire without any more information of possible consequences than was possessed by Mr. Balfour's "man in the street." The government "muddled" into the war, and has made a muddle of it ever since. But while the war has brought criticism and disgrace upon the Conservative minority, it has disrupted the Liberal party, and left nothing but nameless fragments. Not only has it been split into its original constituents of Radicals and Whigs, but these divisions have been subdivided until there is no coherency anywhere. The party's official organ recently enumerated six or seven different factions in the ranks on the subject of the war. Its putative leader in the House says one thing, and its mouthpiece in the daily press another. The demoralization is so great that the unwillingness of the "party" to accept the responsibility of government, in case of the downfall of the Salisbury ministry, has been freely confessed. A Liberal member, who voted with the government, made the witty and pertinent explanation that Mr. Lincoln's maxim about changing horses in mid-stream applied equally well to donkeys. What is left intact under the command of Campbell-Bannerman is committed not only to unpopular "Little-Englandism," but to woman suffrage and temperance reform. It has no policy to meet the present exigencies except vacillating and disingenuous criticism. As a refuge from Chamberlainism, it is impossible. It could not command the confidence of the country any more than an equally impossible Radical ministry.

But will the people accept excuses for the egregious errors of the present government—excuses which do not satisfy even its own party organs? It is safe to say they will neither forgive nor forget. The revelation of official ignorance and incompetence has shocked them profoundly. Crimea gives us a precedent. "The people of England were indignantly declaring that the whole campaign had been a muddle," says Justin McCarthy. "They demanded a victim." The strong coalition ministry was thrown out by the amazing majority of 157. And after the present war they will demand a victim. Obviously it should be Chamberlain. But Chamberlain's downfall, without bringing with him the entire Tory structure, is not a probability. He is resourceful and a good fighter. Lansdowne, Hicks-Beach, and other colleagues have all had their share of blame to shoulder, and Chamberlain will see to it that every man gets his own, or more than he is entitled to. If Chamberlain goes, so will the Conservative ministry.

War never leaves a country as it finds it, and a realignment of political parties in England is one of the possible results of this one.

Watch Lord Rosebery. Here is the Wellington who will meet Chamberlain at Waterloo. He is the one man in the kingdom who can unhorse the puissant knight of Birmingham. He is the most interesting, picturesque, and brilliant figure in British politics to-day, the ablest leader and the strongest with the people. He and his personal followers alone, of all the great throng of statesmen and councillors, have done the right thing, said the right word, always at the right time during this crisis. His voice has had no uncertain sound, he has never hesitated to tell what truth was necessary, he has laid on the lash unmercifully where it was deserved, but his tact has been unfailing: he knows what not to say as well as what to say, and he has gained the confidence of the country as few men have ever possessed it. A considerable fraction of the Conservative party would gladly follow him rather than the hated Chamberlain, if it came to a choice between the two. When Rosebery resigned his leadership of the Liberal party, it was said that he expected in ten years to be at the head of another one, of his own founding. Another turn or two of the screw and it is—*fait accompli?* Perhaps.



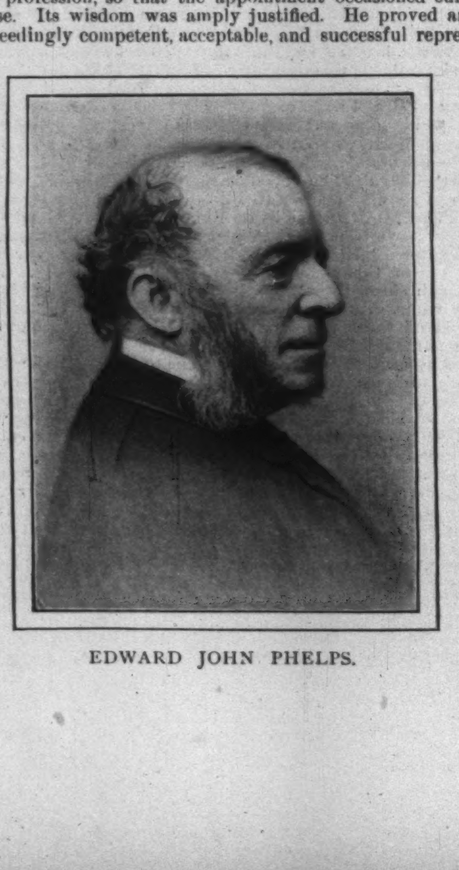
WAITING FOR NEWS FROM BATTLE-FIELDS TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

The Late E. J. Phelps

EDWARD JOHN PHELPS, who died on March 9, at New Haven, came of exceptionally vigorous and effective American stock. The founder of the family in this country was William Phelps, colonist, Puritan, and justice of the first court held in Connecticut, who came from England in 1630, and founded the town of Windsor in Connecticut. The list of his descendants who turned out to be men of distinction is long and notable. One of them, Edward, was a member of the General Court of Connecticut in 1744–5, and a large landholder. His son John, a Revolutionary soldier, was the father of Samuel S. Phelps, jurist, member of Congress, and United States Senator from Vermont. He in turn was the father of Mr. Phelps who has just died.

Edward J. Phelps, born in Middlebury, Vermont, in 1822, was graduated at Middlebury College in 1840, spent a year at the Yale Law School, continued his law studies with Horatio Seymour, and was admitted to the bar in 1843. In 1845 he moved to Burlington, where he practised his profession. For about three years, until 1854, during President Fillmore's administration, he was the second Comptroller of the Currency. From that time until 1885, though active in public life as an orator and a lawyer, he held no public office, but devoted himself to law, and to services more or less closely allied to that profession. In 1880 he lectured on medical jurisprudence in the University of Vermont. In that year, too, he was president of the American Bar Association, and the unsuccessful candidate of the Vermont Democrats for Governor. In 1881 he became Kent Professor of Law at Yale.

Though a man of proved capacity and scholarship, and of wide and distinguished reputation as a lawyer, when President Cleveland, in 1885, appointed him minister to Great Britain he was not widely known outside of his profession, so that the appointment occasioned surprise. Its wisdom was amply justified. He proved an exceedingly competent, acceptable, and successful representative of the United States, and as a minister was very popular abroad, and sincerely respected by the more discriminating of his own countrymen. He, and his wife as well, during their stay in London, contributed in a very important degree to the work in which Mr. Lowell had preceded him, and which Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Bayard continued, of bringing the British and the American peoples into more cordial and sympathetic relations. It is on the marked success of his career in London that Mr. Phelps's reputation as a public man chiefly rests. That success was attained by very solid qualities of learning and character, joined to attractive personal traits, sound judgment as to men and the merits of disputed questions, and social gifts of unusual charm.



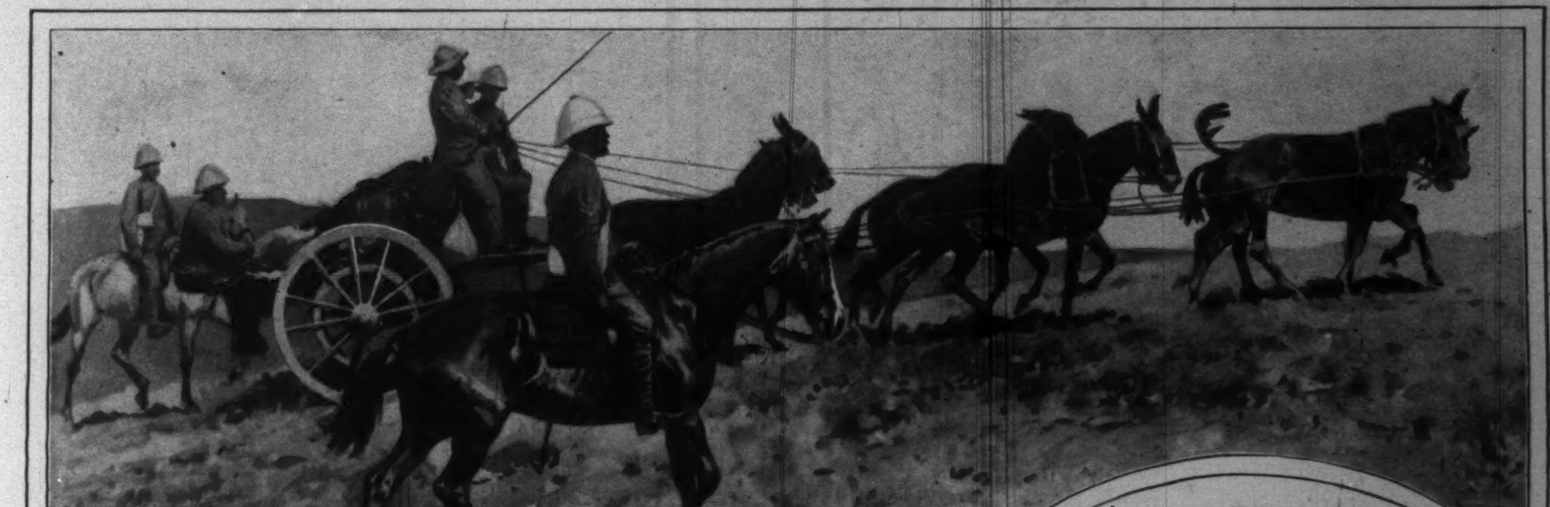
EDWARD JOHN PHELPS.

When he came back from London, Mr. Phelps resumed work at Yale, where, in 1887, a professorship of law was established for him by Mr. J. S. Morgan. He continued to perform its duties up to the time of the illness which ended his life, finding leisure also for various important writings on constitutional and governmental subjects, and for the expression of his views from time to time on pressing matters of public policy. In 1893 he was appointed senior counsel of the United States in the Bering Sea controversy, and made the closing argument for the American side before the Court of Arbitration in Paris. Later, as a distinguished American, his good offices were engaged to assist the settlement of the dispute which arose with Lord Dunraven over his attempt to capture the *America's* cup.

Mr. Phelps lived part of the year at New Haven, but never gave up his residence in Vermont. He strongly disliked wars, condemned Mr. Cleveland's Venezuela message, and opposed the war with Spain and the expansion policy which followed it. To the free-silver mania and the candidacy of Bryan he was also unalterably opposed from the start, so that the closing years of his life found him one of the considerable number of Democrats who were strongly disaffected to all existing political conditions.

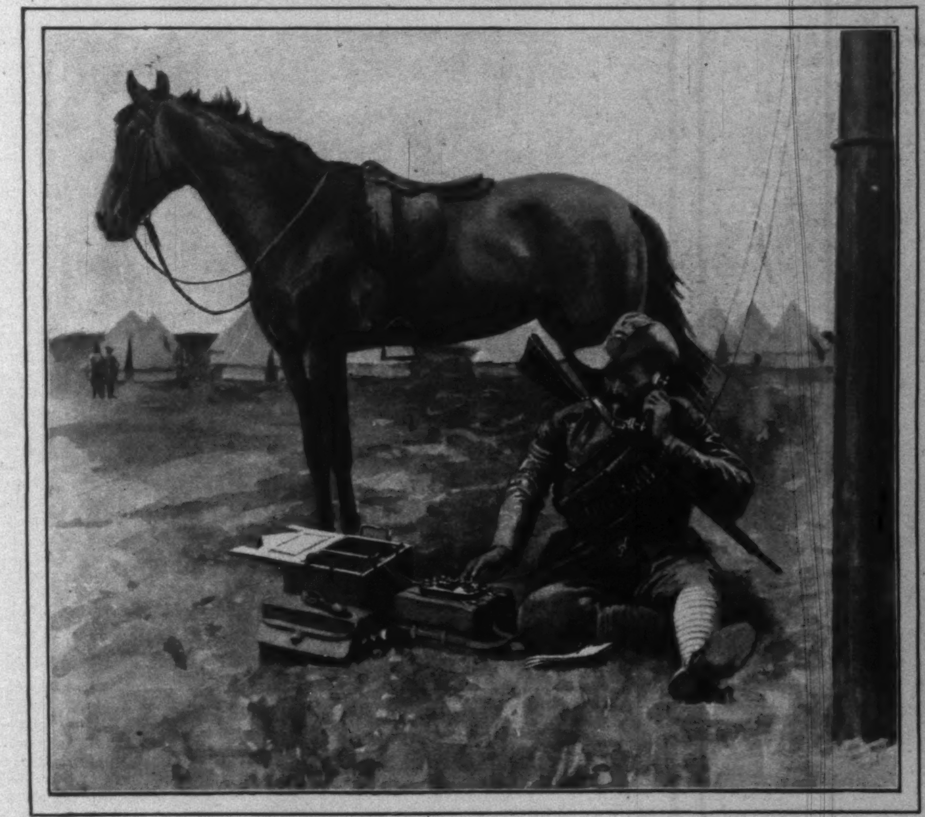
BRITISH PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO PRETORIA.

THE BRITISH ARTILLERY AT ARUNDEL.



TELEGRAPH SECTION ATTACHED TO GENERAL FRENCH'S CAVALRY DIVISION.

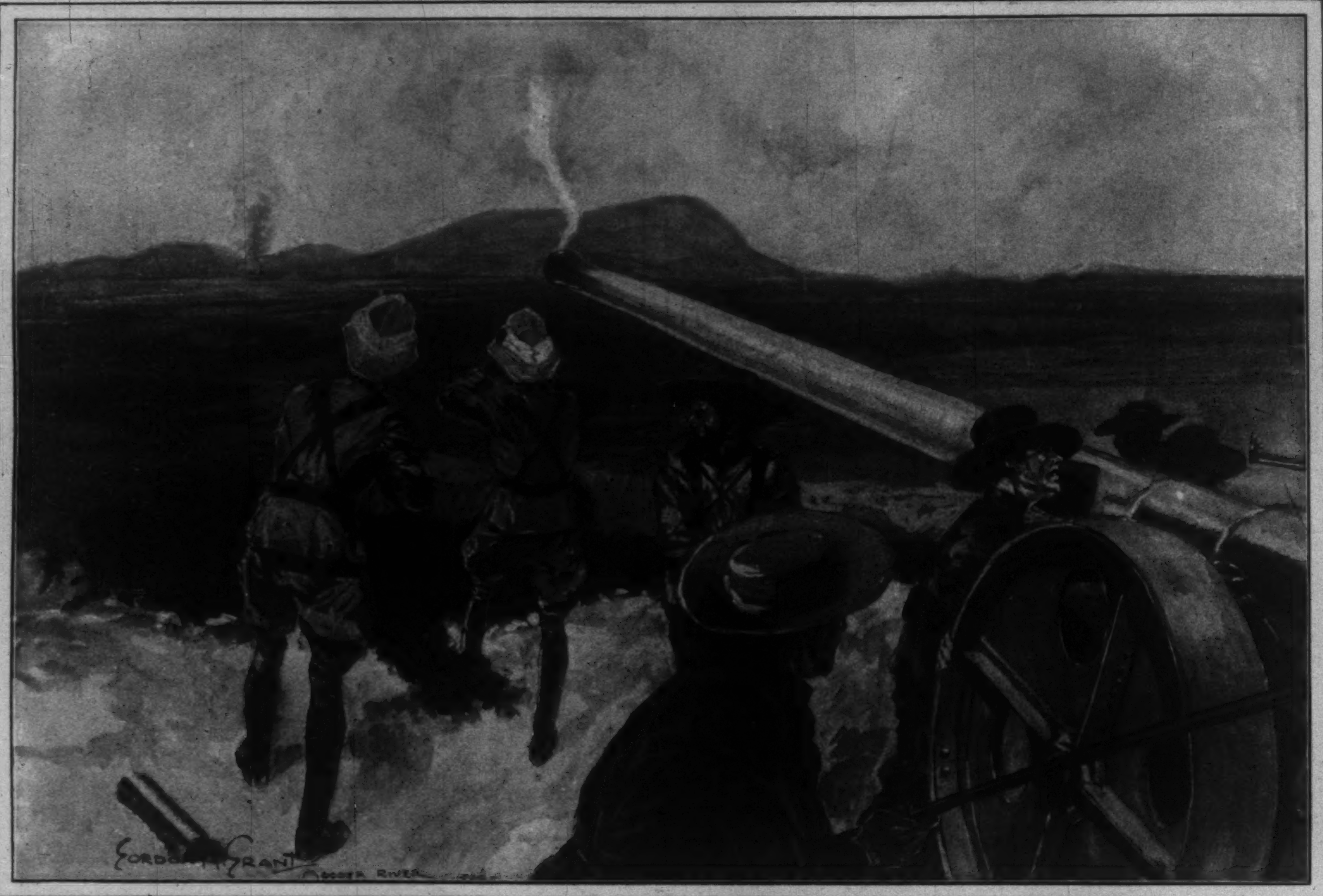
A BRITISH CAVALRY PICKET.



BRITISH SIGNAL-MAN TAPPING A WIRE.

BRITISH PRISONERS.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.


Gordon H. Grant
Modder River

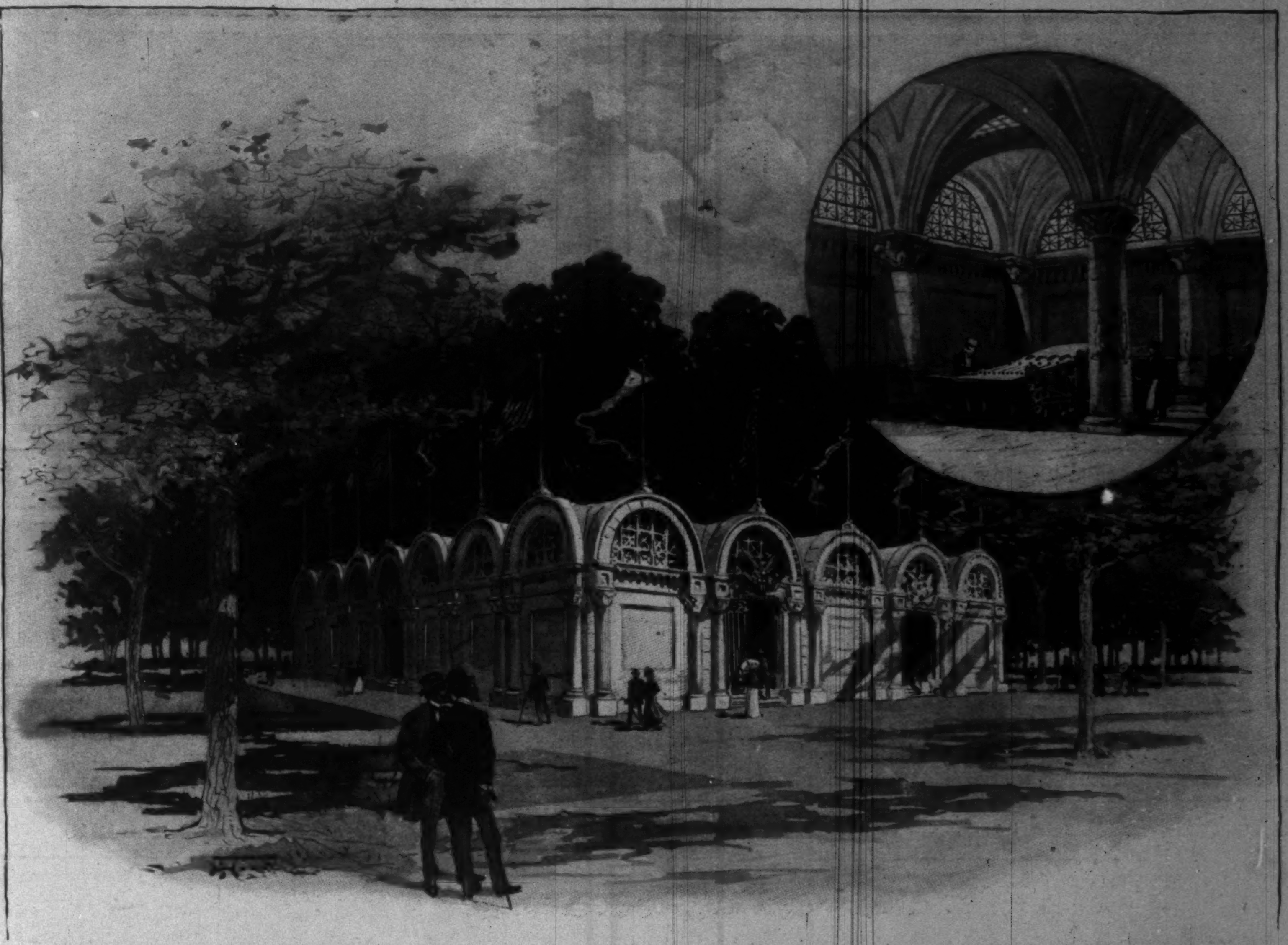
OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY WATCHING THE BURSTING OF LYDDITE SHELLS.
The Hills in the Distance are the Magersfontein Kopjes, two and a half Miles away, around the Base of which the Boer Trenches were extended at the Magersfontein Fight.

Gordon H. Grant
Modder River
1900

BRITISH SCOUTS SURPRISED.
These Men approached too close to a Boer Outpost, near Jacobsdaal, and several were wounded.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Drawn by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist in the Field for "Harper's Weekly."



THE UNITED STATES PUBLISHERS' BUILDING AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Le Théâtre de la Comédie Française

THE clearing-house of all that was and is highest in French civilization, the Théâtre de la Comédie Française, commonly known as the Comédie Française, is no more, the famed house of literature, art—of everything that tends to ennoble mankind—having been destroyed by fire. The most famous playhouse in the world — the theatric hub around which revolved the master minds of France is a mass of ruins—to be rebuilt at once, after the plans of the architect Louis, who designed the structure just destroyed.

Few theatres—not even the Drury Lane of London—can lay claim to such remarkable associations as the Comédie Française. Within its walls were produced plays written by unequalled geniuses; there the pen products of Molière, Racine, Corneille, de Musset, Delphine Gay, Hugo, George Sand, Voltaire, Rousseau, Le Sage, Ducis, Scribe, and Dumas, and a host of other notables, saw the light of publicity. There too the genius of Rachel and Talma and Mlle. Mars and Coquelin and many more enthralled.

And there also the brains of the world were wont to meet, to discuss their plays, their novels, their poems, their politics, their pictures—their happiness and sorrows. Could the blackened walls of the theatre tell its story, what secrets it might tell!

It was during the reign of Napoleon III. that the Comédie Française reached the zenith of its brilliancy. The Prince of Wales paid compliments to Sardou in the lobby; the French Emperor gossiped gayly with Coquelin, arrayed as a valet; art levelled rank, and brains ruled supreme. Baron Rothschild, the head of the French branch of the financial kingdom, made many of his gigantic deals in the quiet nooks of the library. There he wrote a letter to Heine, the exiled poet, imploring a cessation of the pungent, terribly satiric war the writer was waging upon the millionaire. There he received the poet's reply that not all the millions of earth could stifle the God-given gift of freedom of thought, and of the ability to transfer those thoughts into verbal caustic—cruelly bitter.

Within the library were kept the archives—records of every day's happenings, from the time of Molière to the present day. Every programme, the state of the weather, the receipts, the presence of noted personages, the out-of-the-ordinary incidents of the period, were all recorded faithfully. During Molière's lifetime La Grange kept the records, and after the latter's death the administrators did so. These records were written on folio sheets of antique paper, and were bound annually in red Levant morocco.

Besides the records, there were the manuscripts of all the plays performed since 1799; autographs of all the famous personages who had visited the library; first editions of plays in all languages; prompt-books with annotations by great authors and actors, and many other works of value. All these were in charge of an archivist, the present one being François Coppée.

Historically, the Comédie Française dates back indirectly to the thirteenth century, when Comte d'Artois built the Hôtel d'Artois, afterwards renamed the Hôtel de Bourgogne. In 1548 the building was bought by the Confrérie de la Passion, and after some years let to "Les Enfants sans Souci," a society of amateur players. Then a professional company took possession of the house, and in 1625 produced Corneille's first play, "Mélite."

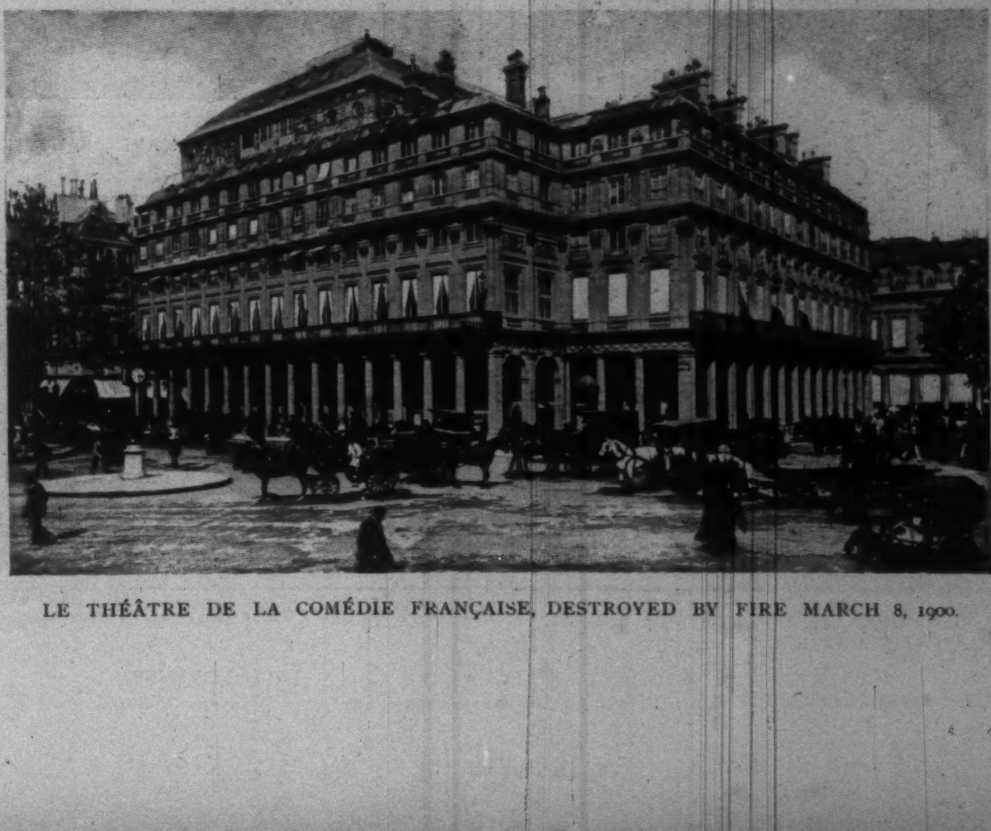
So matters went on until Molière's star appeared. With his company he mocked his rivals, at the Petit Bourbon, producing his exquisite satire, "Précieuses Ridicules." The Hôtel de Bourgogne responded with Racine's "Alexandre," and regained its former prestige.

Competition between the two houses became so bitter that all Paris took sides, and street riots ensued. Matters went on in this manner until, in 1680, Louis XIV. ordered an amalgamation, and Molière became the founder and first director of the Théâtre de la Comédie Française, with an annual subsidy of 12,000 francs.

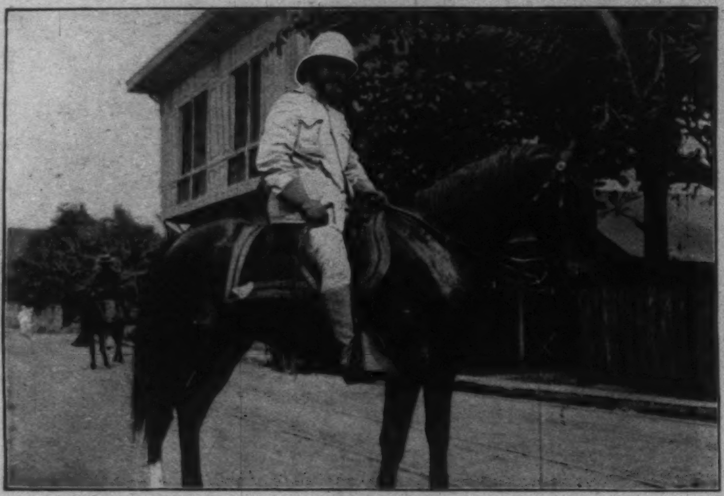
In 1697 the Comédie Française produced "La Fausse Prude," and as Madame de Maintenon deemed it a hit at her, the theatre was closed by order of the King. Twenty-six years later the Régent d'Orléans reopened the house, the players calling themselves "Comédiens ordinaires du Roi." In 1770 the performances were transferred to the Tuileries, and in 1782 to the place now occupied by the Odéon.

In 1787 the Duc d'Orléans built the theatre just destroyed, after designs of Louis, in the Place du Théâtre Français on the southwestern side of the Palais Royal. It was contiguous to the Théâtre du Palais Royal, erected by Cardinal Richelieu for the performance of his tragedy "Mirame"—an experiment that cost him 500,000 francs.

Napoleon gave the Théâtre de la Comédie Française its present constitution and a subvention of 240,000 francs yearly. The constitution provides that the theatre be controlled by an official appointed by the government (Jules Clarétie being the present head), and a committee of six who regulate the finances and accept or reject plays. EDGAR MELS.



LE THÉÂTRE DE LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, DESTROYED BY FIRE MARCH 8, 1900.



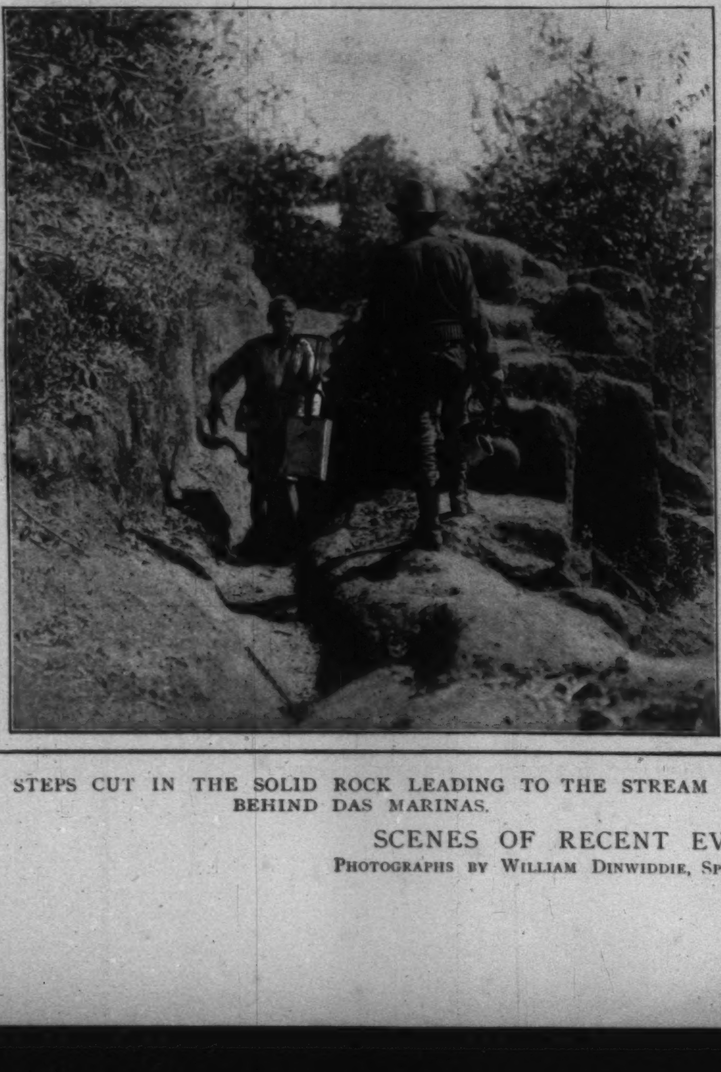
GENERAL FRED GRANT ON HIS NEW AMERICAN HORSE.

BISHOP POTTER AND CHAPLAIN PIERCE.

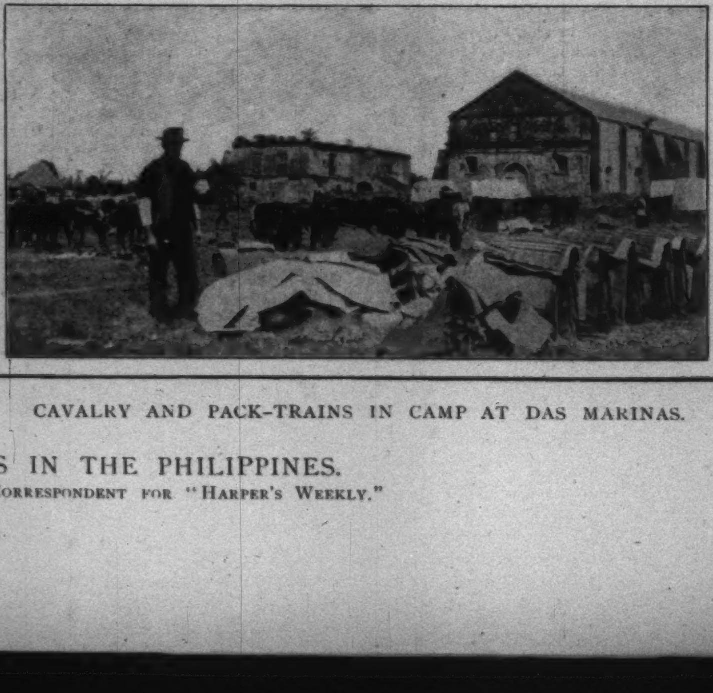
NATIVE CARTS AND HORSES CROSSING THE PARANAQUE RIVER IN BANCAS.

MEN OF THE 45TH INFANTRY MOVING OVER THE TRAIL TO QUINTANA.

THE ROAD AT DAS MARINAS, WITH TROOPS IN CAMP.



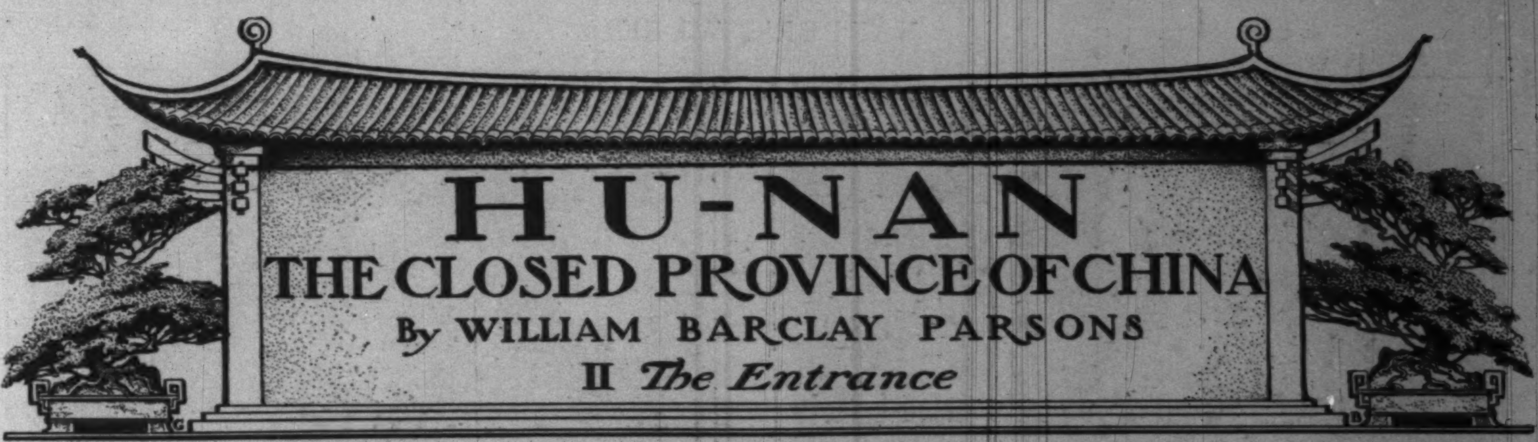
STEPS CUT IN THE SOLID ROCK LEADING TO THE STREAM BEHIND DAS MARINAS.



CAVALRY AND PACK-TRAINS IN CAMP AT DAS MARINAS.

SCENES OF RECENT EVENTS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



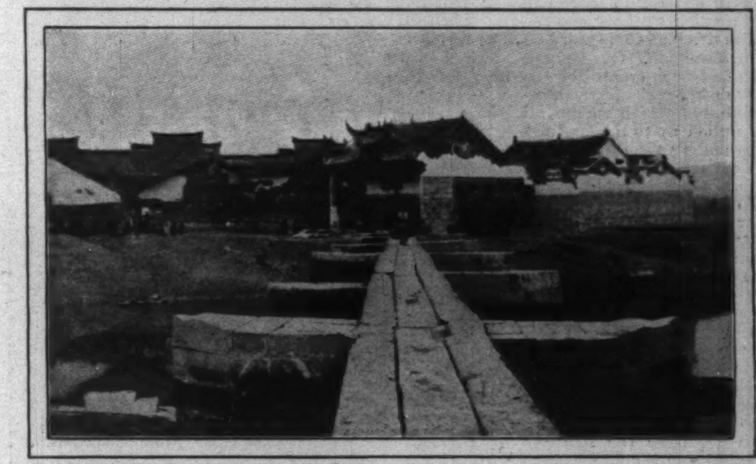
HU-NAN

THE CLOSED PROVINCE OF CHINA

By WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS

II The Entrance

On the morning of December 24, 1898, the American engineers, whose start was described in the first pages, crossed a long bridge, composed of stone beams thirty feet long, with an attractive temple at the further end, into Hù-nan, which we had already termed the "enemy's country." From that point on we became an increasing source of wonderment and amusement to the natives. Christmas night found us at a little town called Ping-shui (literally "Still Water"), and all preparations were made for a proper dinner after the day's work. We were located in a tea-hong opening directly on the village street, and with little provision for keeping out the crowd, so that the room in which we were dining was filled with natives, standing four or five deep around our table, and then stretching to the door and even to the street in a solid crowd. It was a singular thought to realize that our jollity that night was something more than the customary Christmas celebration. It was the first message to these people of peace and good will on earth, and the promise of the breaking of the bonds which have held them down for so many centuries, and our song of how "from every mountain-side let freedom ring" had then a special significance. But perhaps still more striking was the fact that this message of freedom was being carried by representatives of the youngest nation upon earth to the oldest. Our actions, our songs, our very food, but, above all, our forks and knives, were a source of inexplicable wonderment to the people; but when our plum pudding—a thoughtful gift of an English lady in Hankow—appeared, decorated with holly-berries and blazing in true style, a look of terror appeared on their faces; but the climax was reached when a flash-light picture of the scene was taken: as the magnesium powder flared up, the crowd broke and ran. Probably the natives of Ping-shui stoutly maintain to-day that "foreign devils" are huge men with beards, who feed on uncooked meat, which they tear to pieces with short swords and spears, and which excites them to such a degree that they shout loud and often, and in the midst of their excitement eat flames. I have not the slightest doubt that that idea is perfectly prevalent in that town to-day. After such extraordinary exhibitions it is little wonder that so uneducated a race as the Chinese forms so erroneous an estimate of all foreigners. Fearing lest our St. Nicholas zeal might create a too strongly false impression, I sent for the local officials and explained to them that we were but celebrating the greatest day in our calendar—a day that is to us of the same importance that New-Year's is to them. With that outward politeness that is so charming, and at times so exasperatingly used as a cloak or subterfuge, they expressed their regrets at their ignorance, and said that had they but known it, they would have been glad to have shown some special honor, both to the day and us.

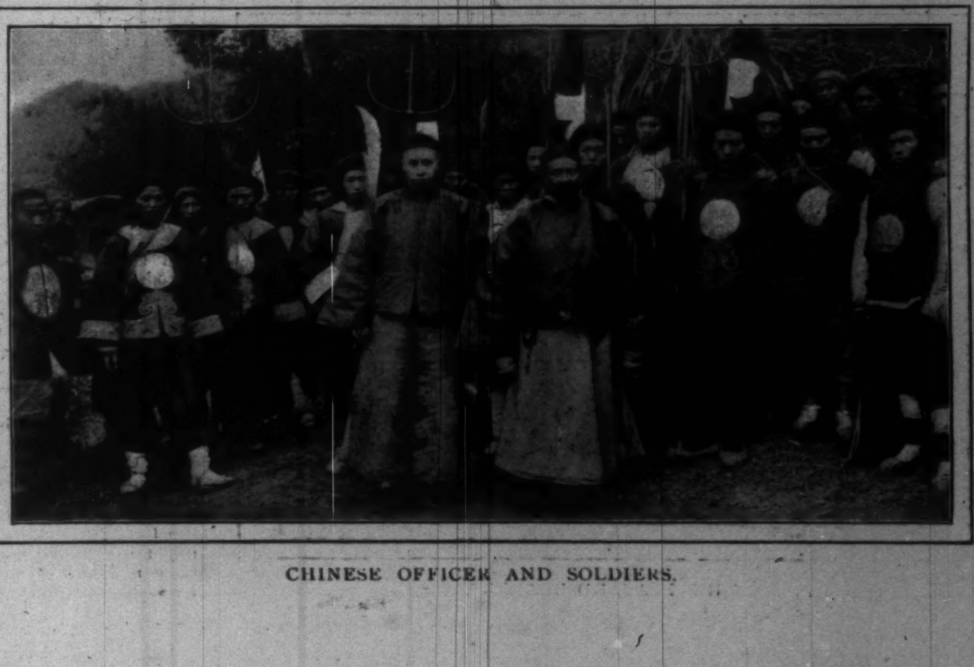


THE FIRST OF HU-NAN.

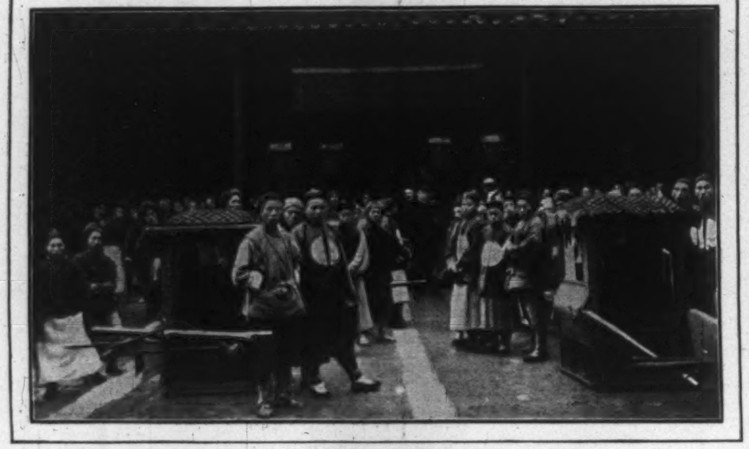
From now on we were conscious of the precautions taken by the Viceroy for our protection. Our guard was largely increased, so that our procession, including mandarins with their attendants, soldiers, coolies carrying baggage and supplies, consisted frequently of five hundred to six hundred men, and as they marched in straggling order and in single file, the distance from the head to the rear of the column would frequently be five miles. The Chinaman does love a show, and this procession offered opportunities that could not be neglected. Although the details were largely a matter of the degree of imagination possessed by the local functionary in charge, we were usually preceded by men or ragged boys carrying placards—not like sandwich-men, but on staffs—announcing our coming, and commanding the people to give place. Then there would be the flags of the commander and of the regiment acting as guard; soldiers armed with spears, tridents, two-handed swords, flintlock or, at times, even matchlock guns. The uniform of the Chinese soldier is a comfortable but a most unmilitary collection of garments. The coat, in its hang, resembles a cloak with wide loose sleeves. It is of a plain color, with a wide marginal band of another hue. On the breast and back are marked, usually on white disks sewed to the coat, the number of the man, the designation of the organization to which he belongs, and his position in the ranks. The trousers are of dark blue cotton, and usually tied close around the ankles. The queue is worn wrapped about the head, and the whole enclosed in a dark blue cotton turban. Beneath the coat is a vest with tight-fitting sleeves projecting about six inches beyond the ends of the fingers. The wearer can let the projections hang down, when they protect the hands from the weather, or can convert them into a muff by merely clasping the latter. When he wishes to use his hands he rolls the sleeves up. If the weather be cold he wears as many undercoats as he pleases. He carries no knapsack, but instead a cotton bag somewhat like a short golf-club bag, which he wears diagonally across his back, suspended by a cord over one shoulder and the chest, and in it he carries all the articles needed for a march, his tobacco pipe, fan, and paper umbrella. According to the instructions of the Viceroy, we were accompanied by the local magistrate having complete jurisdiction over the Hsien, or district, through which we were travelling, and the area of which would be something like thirty to forty miles square. In addition there were the mandarins representing the Viceroy and Director-General, always one and sometimes more delegated by the Governor, and a military mandarin of high rank with the title of General, always one with a blue button, and sometimes one wearing a red button, commanding the guard. The mandarins were carried in their official Sedan chairs, the position of the magistrate himself being denoted by a gorgeous large red umbrella. The Hsien magistrate is the official who comes in direct contact with the people, and who dispenses justice, authority, and bad government with no uncertain hand. Two or three Hsiens go to form a prefecture, the prefect in command of which reporting to the Governor or some agent named by him. These various officials receive as a regular emolument a sum much less than what the necessary expenses attendant upon their office are known to be; the difference in their compensation, which latter is supposed to be large, is procured by deliberately appropriating a portion of the tax levy, or, perhaps more usually, through an ingenious system of squeezes or extortions. From a foreign point of view, they are as a class intensely ignorant, and by their training develop a character that is anything but attractive. The people hate them, but, on account of their almost uncontrolled power, fear them; while the magistrates, on the other hand, seem to fear the people, and hesitate to exercise much authority over them as a mass, preferring apparently to reserve their power for extortions in individual cases. The very evident mutual fear of the governing and governed classes was striking and interesting.

A FARM GATE.

Some of these officials are not lacking in the social traits which we call good-fellowship, and which made more than one a welcome guest at the evening gathering between dinner and bedtime, when our regret was that the conversation had to pass through the halting medium of an interpreter. There was one magistrate who took most kindly to foreign ways, foreign food, and even to foreign whiskey, with a particular fondness for the variety of the last known as Old Glenlivet. At the time of passing through his jurisdiction our headquarters were afloat, so that he joined us with his junk, and every night his place at dinner was regularly set, and on returning to his own boat he always took with him that comforting and comfortable glow so frequently the accompaniment of Scotland's liquid production. One night as he was leaving after dinner, dressed as usual in his long embroidered official robes, with his button and his peacock feather, "chin-chinning" or bowing his farewell as he walked backwards down the narrow plank connecting the junk with the shore, there was suddenly a series of rapid gyrations, like the rotating of the sails of a windmill, then a void in the night air, followed a moment later by a loud splash, preceded by certain articulations which fortunately our



CHINESE OFFICER AND SOLDIERS.



THE GOVERNOR'S YAMÊN, CHANG-SHA.

THE LONG PROCESSION.

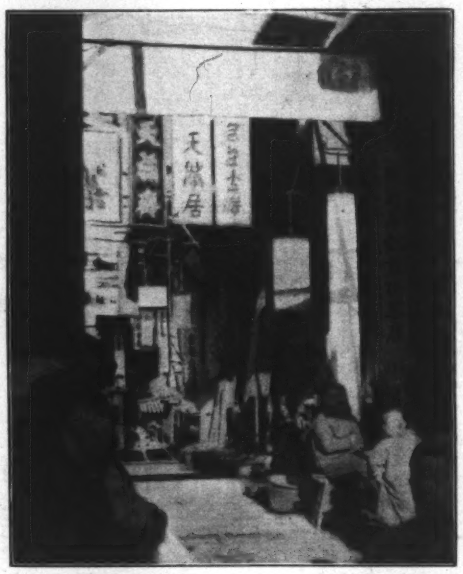
knowledge of Chinese was not sufficient to catch exactly, but concerning which it is hoped that the pen of the recording angel will follow the example of mine. Thanks to his queue and the united efforts of two coolies and a boat-hook, he was at last placed on his native soil. The Chinese costume does not diminish the bedraggled effect of an involuntary bath. The next evening he called as usual at the dinner hour, and expressed his deep mortification at the previous evening's catastrophe, explaining at great length that his servant, an unfeeling rascal, had held the light in the wrong place. We begged him not to mention it; that we understood the phenomenon perfectly; that our servants were known to hold double lights, bringing us to grief, and, in fact, it was well authenticated that in our large cities, where lights were firmly fixed on iron poles, the latter had been seen to wave. This explanation gave him great comfort. He was a nice fellow, and I hope some day to greet him as a member of the Tsung-li-Yamên, for he would honor that or any other board.

The people in this northeastern part of the province are generally well-to do, living in tiled-roof farm-houses or little hamlets. The valleys are well and carefully cultivated, the principal crops being tea and rice, the former for sale and export, the latter for domestic consumption. The Chinaman, in all his habits, wants, and tastes, is an extremely simple being. As variety and change seem to possess no charm, his clothes in the country are invariably the same—of indigo dyed cotton—while his food consists of the crop most easily grown in the locality, which in southern China is rice, and in northern China millet. This rice he eats flavored with pickled cabbage or other vegetable, and sometimes relieved with fish, but rarely meat. If he is a coolie—that is, of the lowest class—such will be his diet the year through; if more well-to-do he will enlarge his list by the addition of pork, mutton, chickens, ducks, or eggs. As he eats with chopsticks, his meat is cut into small pieces before cooking, and then stewed. The higher-class Chinaman is a great gourmet, as the following menu of a dinner given us by the magistrate of Siang-yin will show, the table being set with a number of small dishes containing fancy cakes and sweetmeats:

Chicken Giblets and Ham,
Sharks' Fins,
Pigeons' Eggs,
Wood Fungus,
Dough Cakes,
Lotus Seeds (hot),
Stewed Fish,
Stewed Chicken and Pork,
Snails,
Bamboo Shoots,
Stewed Mutton,
Meat Cakes and Sweet Grapes,
Roast Pig,
Pork, Fish, and Vegetables boiled in Chafing-dish on the table,
Rice.

Chang-sha, the capital of Hu-nan, is one of the most interesting places in the whole empire on account of its extreme exclusiveness. Only two or three foreigners, but no missionary, had ever been within the city, and these few were smuggled in in closed chairs. Like all Chinese cities, it is heavily walled and strongly gated, the gates being locked at night, giving a most mediæval air. The population is estimated by the Chinese to be about a million, but that figure, like all others in the same line, is probably an exaggeration; five hundred thousand would seem more likely to be nearer the mark. The streets are narrow, being but six to twelve feet wide, on which the shops open directly, and in front of which are frequently stationed small booths. During business hours the whole shop front, consisting of wooden shutters, is taken down, exposing the interior, so that a street resembles a bazar, or rather an arcade, as it is frequently roofed over with bamboo mats. Hanging down in front of the shops are long, swinging signs, sometimes indicating the kind of goods for sale, but more frequently being felicitous greetings. I saw one that was translated, "Prices according to mutual agreement"—no fixed price for that tradesman.

THE PLACARD-BEARERS.



STREET IN CHANG-SHA.

On account of the local traditions, which were to be broken if possible, and on account of the general attitude of the Governor, it was deemed essential that not only should our expedition enter the city, but that we should be received publicly, and with full honors, according to the Chinese ritual, by the Governor himself. I therefore, with the "flag-ship" and the attending gunboat, pushed ahead of the survey party, and arrived at Chang-sha on January 7 at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Our coming was expected; a triumphal arch had been erected on the shore—an arch, by-the-way, as we afterwards learned, we were not expected to pass through, but which we did, all the same—and as our junk was pulled up to the landing-place through a lane opened up among the other boats, quite a crowd came down to see us. Immediately on mooring, the local magistrate, in his official robes, called and extended a greeting. I then, without delay, sent my Chinese visiting-card to the Governor, announced my arrival in his capital city, and stated that I desired, accompanied by my whole staff, to call upon him and pay my respects. What followed was a good illustration of Chinese diplomacy, the roundabout ways of which were one of the difficulties that beset our movements. The Governor replied that he was glad to hear of our safe arrival, but that he would not trouble us to call, instead of which, accompanied by the chief officers of the province, he would call on us the next morning at eleven. With many complimentary phrases, I immediately pointed out that not only Chinese etiquette, but even foreign etiquette, demanded that a Governor should have the stranger call on him, and as my staff would arrive that evening, and as he was apparently free at eleven o'clock the next morning, I proposed that we should all visit him formally at that hour. Word then came from the Governor that he regretted that he could not receive me at eleven, because at that hour he would be engaged in inspecting his troops at their archery practice; therefore he wished us a pleasant and prosperous journey onward from Chang-sha. Of course there was nothing then for us to do but put ourselves entirely at his convenience for any hour of the day or evening when he would be free from the exactions of watching the archers. Then the excuse was offered that he had made no preparations to receive distinguished foreigners. This requirement we, of course, at once waived. Then his yamên (official residence) was too small. We knew that his yamên was as large as that of the Viceroy, and replied that the latter had found no difficulty in receiving us. When it was learned that the Viceroy had given us an audience, the whole affair assumed a different aspect, and a long conference with those versed in the intricacies of Chinese etiquette ensued, in which a small diagram which I had made in my note-book illustrating the viceregal reception played a prominent part. It was finally decided that Chang Chih-Tung, in permitting our chairs to be carried to a certain place and in a certain manner, had used the same ceremony that a provincial treasurer, who ranks next to the Governor, was entitled to. Clearly a man who had been thus received could not be unceremoniously turned down. Then the Governor said he would receive me alone, an offer that was respectfully declined, and finally he ventured as a compromise that I might select as companions three members of my staff. I assured his Excellency that my staff was composed of distinguished men, and that any invidious comparison in the way of selection was out of the question, but as it was now nearly midnight—for more than twelve hours had been consumed in the diplomatic intercourse—I would not trouble him to reply immediately, but hoped that when morning came he would see his way clear to receive us all. At 10:30 the next forenoon he sent eleven official chairs from his own household, one for each of the foreigners and the two Chinese secretaries of H. E. Shêng, and a large guard of soldiers under the personal command of General Liu Kao-Chao, the military commandant of the capital. With his trumpeters and flag-bearers preceding; with the genial and portly General himself at the head of the troops; with our chairs in line, from the leading one of which the chief engineer waved a small American flag—we entered the city, the first foreign party to do so publicly and with honors, and with pride to feel that the first foreign flag to wave within Chang-sha walls should be that of the great republic; thus fell Hu-nan's strongest tradition! Although the streets were jammed with people and the houses along the route filled to overflowing, there was not heard a single opprobrious epithet or even impolite reference. As a general thing, the people seemed glad to see us, or, at the worst, merely exhibited a stolid indifference or, more usually, an inordinate curiosity. The reception by the Governor was all that could be desired. Our chairs were carried into the inner court, where we were met by a personal representative of the Governor, to whom our Chinese cards were given. These, placed in order of rank, he carried in his right hand above his head, and so conducted us to the first reception-room, where we were presented to the provincial officers, such as the Treasurer, Salt Commissioner, and others, and then by them led to a second reception-room, where we were presented to his Excellency Yû Lien-San. The Governor was dressed in his official robes, which at that time of the year consisted of sable. Wearing his red button and peacock feather and other insignia of high rank, he received us in a most gracious and polite manner. He is a man of medium size, has an iron-gray mustache and a small gray imperial, with an intelligent face and great ceremony of manner. He inquired about our work, expressed his interest in its outcome, and his belief that a railway would be an enormous benefit to his people, and assured me that he had issued full instructions which would insure the party cordial treatment for the rest of our journey. The interview lasted about fifteen minutes, when we were reconducted to our chairs, and returned to our boat by the same way in which we came.

The shops of Chang-sha will compare favorably with the shops of any other city in China, displaying a full line of articles of Chinese and of foreign manufacture; in fact, so wide a range of choice is there that we were even able to stock our larder with a goodly supply of Munich beer in the original bottles.

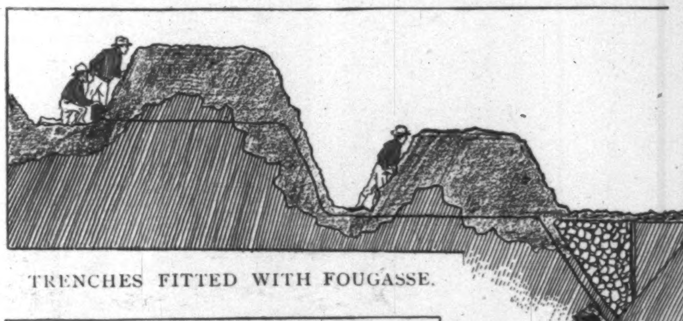
TYPES OF FIELD INTRENCHMENTS

BY LIEUTENANT GODFREY L. CARDEN, R.C.S.

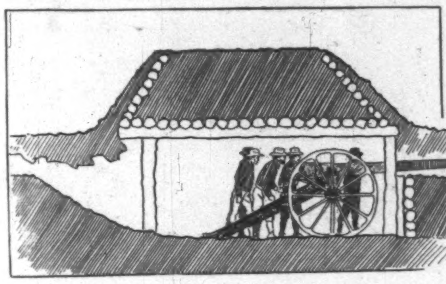
THE lessons of the South-African war are accentuating the value of hasty field intrenchments, but the surprise of the campaign is the celerity with which the forces of the two republics secure cover. When fighting on foot, the Boer leaves his pony well in the rear, out of harm's way. Surprise the man, and he seems to sink out of sight on the open veldt. Give him four or five minutes' time, and he will have screened his head and shoulders from view, and from behind his little mound of earth, not much larger than a good-sized prairie-dog's hill, he will snipe at long range everything in the shape of an enemy. This, at least, is the testimony of his enemies.

From General Lord Methuen's official report we learn that it is not safe to show one's self anywhere within 2000 yards of a Boer intrenchment, and this same general officer declares that a Boer command will change front from a line of intrenchments inside of fifteen minutes' time, and thereby check the best flank movement ever devised.

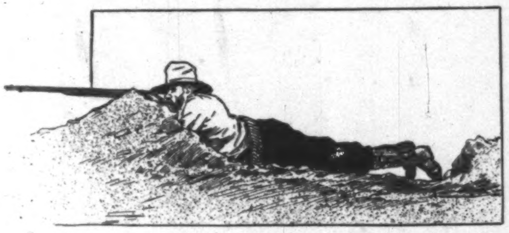
The Boers employed at the Modder River and at the Tugela River three-tier intrenchments, and from available data it is learned that these trenches resembled the three-tier system of the Turks at Plevna, only much simpler in form and more hasty in type. On the reverse side of the hill shelter-trenches were built by the defenders for protection against overhead shrapnel and shell fire, while at the base of the position the plan was followed of digging rifle-pits, screening all with leaves and brush, and stationing there the best shots of a command. It was against the rifle-pit positions at Magersfontein that the Highland Brigade stumbled one morning not many weeks ago, and the result was, what might have been expected, a slaughter.



TRENCHES FITTED WITH FOUGASSE.



BOMB-PROOF GUN-SCREEN.



A HASTY SHELTER-TRENCH.

For intrenchment work the Boer, it is learned, carries a handy spade, which he slings across his shoulder, the same as a rifle. This tool, it is said, he clings to, next to his rifle and ammunition-belt, as the most valuable article he possesses. General Skoboleff provided every man of his command, during the Russia-Turko war, with an intrenching tool, and when Skoboleff's men reached the outskirts of Constantinople it was found that they had discarded in their forced marches nearly every article of equipment save rifle, belt, and spade.

In defending a hill the Boers are constructing their three-tier system of trenches well up near the top; in fact, so close up that the run over the crest and to the shelter-trenches beyond is reported as rarely exceeding 100 yards. The main idea seems to be to keep the trenches sufficiently below the crest to obviate any contrast that might be afforded by a sky-line background.

At Plevna the Turks constructed works which were the admiration of soldiers the world over. The ammunition allowance of the Turkish soldiers was practically limitless. General Todleben, the famous Russian engineer officer, in writing to General Brialmont of the French army, stated that each Turkish soldier carried 100 rounds of cartridges in his belt, while close by him was a box containing 500 additional rounds.

The Boer intrenchments possess none of the solidity of the Plevna works, yet despite the simplicity of the former they are said to be wonderfully effective. The communications are wide and deep, and admit of massing large bodies of men at threatened points without exposure. What the Boer has to fear more than anything else is the shrapnel fire of the enemy. Against direct fire his trenches will shield him, but against shrapnel fire he must possess overhead protection. Shrapnel shells are burst, as a rule, at 30 to 50 yards short of an enemy's position and above it. The effect of the burst is to open the walls of the projectile and release the small balls within. These small balls are carried on in the general direction the shell would have followed, though slightly scattered, and the result is to search out the bottom of the trench-lines.

Against high-angled shell fire and against shrapnel recourse is had to bomb-proofs. These bomb-proofs are usually made of logs placed against the side of a hill, or embankment, and the whole covered over with dirt. There are many families in Ladysmith, according to all reports, who lived in bomb-proofs during the long days of siege. At Plevna the Turks lived entirely within the bomb-proofs throughout the heavy artillery bombardments; then, when the Russian artillery fire ceased, as the assaulting column pushed in, the Turks tumbled out of their shelters, rushed into the fighting-trenches, and poured in a terrific fire on the attacking force.

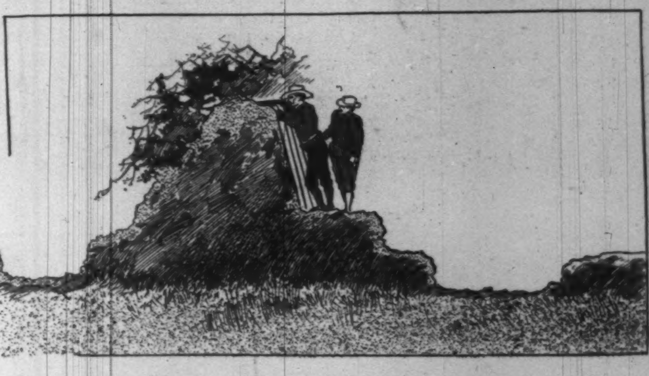
Shrapnel was not as effective in 1878 as it is now. A range of 2000 yards was maximum for many of the field-guns then employed, while to-day 4000 yards is attainable. It is also an interesting fact that the British army has never encountered, until now, an enemy supplied with powerful rifled guns, and while the Boers are using steel shields on the majority of their pieces, the British weapons are not equipped with that device.

It is because of the effectiveness of shrapnel, and because of the long range of the small-calibre military rifle, that intrenchments in some form or another are absolutely essential to troops in the open. The man who in the face of the enemy can burrow the quickest, and at the same time is prepared to spring forward and seize any opportunity that is afforded, is the best modern-day soldier.

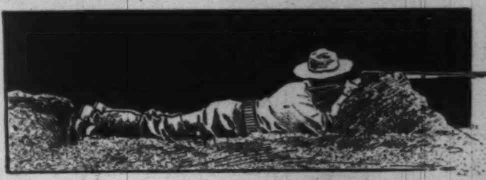
Those who have witnessed manœuvres of large bodies of troops on the continent of Europe will appreciate how difficult it is, often, to discern the opposing masses, and that, too, when the ground beyond is apparently open. It is an instance of how even a slight depression in the surface will conceal a large body of men, particularly when the troops are lying down and are wearing inconspicuous dress.

There is always reason for apprehension when intrenchments are first thrown up that the fresh-turned soil will disclose the position to the enemy. The practice is to cover the fresh dirt with leaves or brush, and at this art the Boers are credited with being expert to a superlative degree. If there be a line of brush in the vicinity of the position to be defended, the Boers, it is reported, throw up their intrenchments just behind the outer edge; but if this be not practicable, they cover an entire line of new trenches with boughs, sods, and leaves.

The Boer artillery-piece does not stand out in bold relief when firing. If possible it is sheltered behind a parapet, and the whole is then screened by brush. Add to this the fact that the Boers are using smokeless powder, and the difficulty of detecting one of their gun positions, is appreciated. Baker Pasha reported that the Turks, in 1878, found it most advantageous to sink their field-guns almost to the level of the ground. This was effected by digging a gun-pit, and allowing the gun to run up a slight incline when recoiling. The Boers, however, go farther than this. They too, it is reported, employ gun-pits, but where able they give some form of overhead protection in the shape of logs on heavy brush structure, and with the whole covered with dirt. Not only is this gun-epaulement screened with brush, but the gun-barrel is painted khaki-color. At three or four thousand yards the gun position is practically undistinguishable.



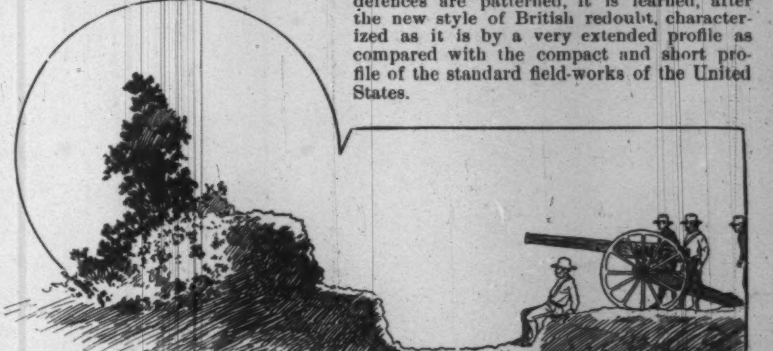
A SCREENED PARAPET.



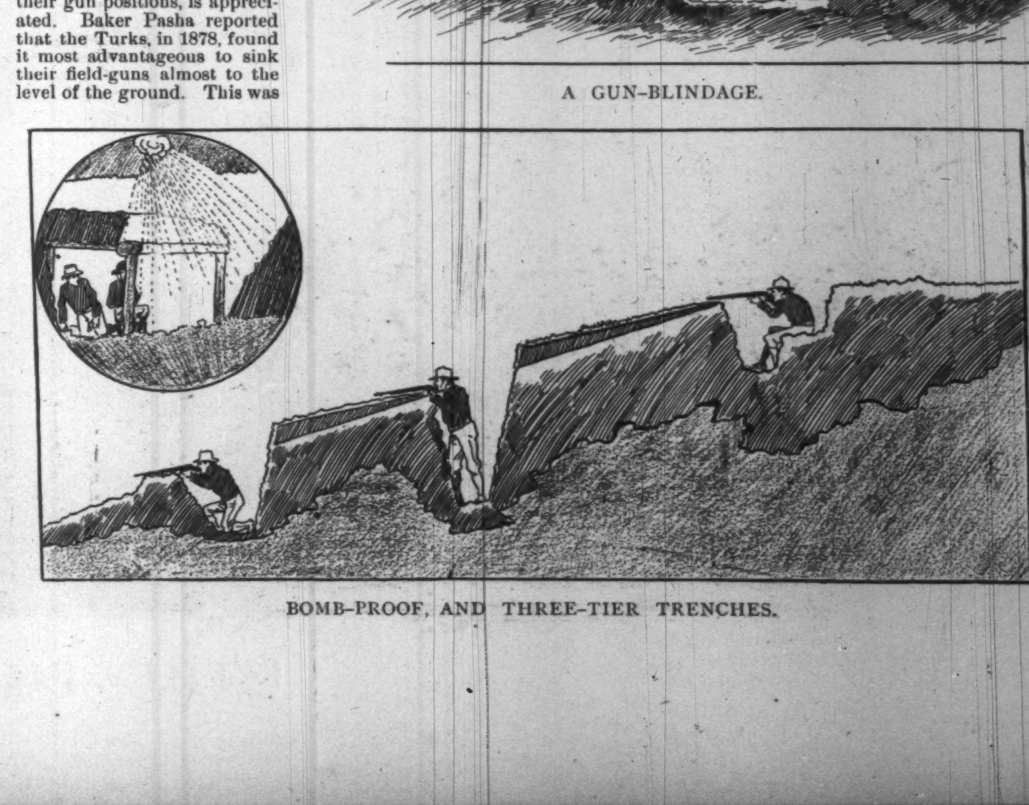
A FIVE-MINUTE SHELTER-WORK.

At Ladysmith and Mafeking the beleaguered garrisons had recourse against assaults to the use of land-torpedoes—or fougasses, as they are technically termed—but with what success has not been learned. It is interesting to note that the British have taken up with this device, for it was generally understood that in English military circles little favor was bestowed on the idea, though General Gordon used these land-torpedoes with good results at Khartum. The value of the fougasse appears to lie in the moral effect it produces. The Ladysmith fougasses are said to consist of piles of rock arranged over powder-boxes in such manner that there is a general trend of the missiles in the direction of the enemy's advance. At the best, however, the fougasse is merely auxiliary.

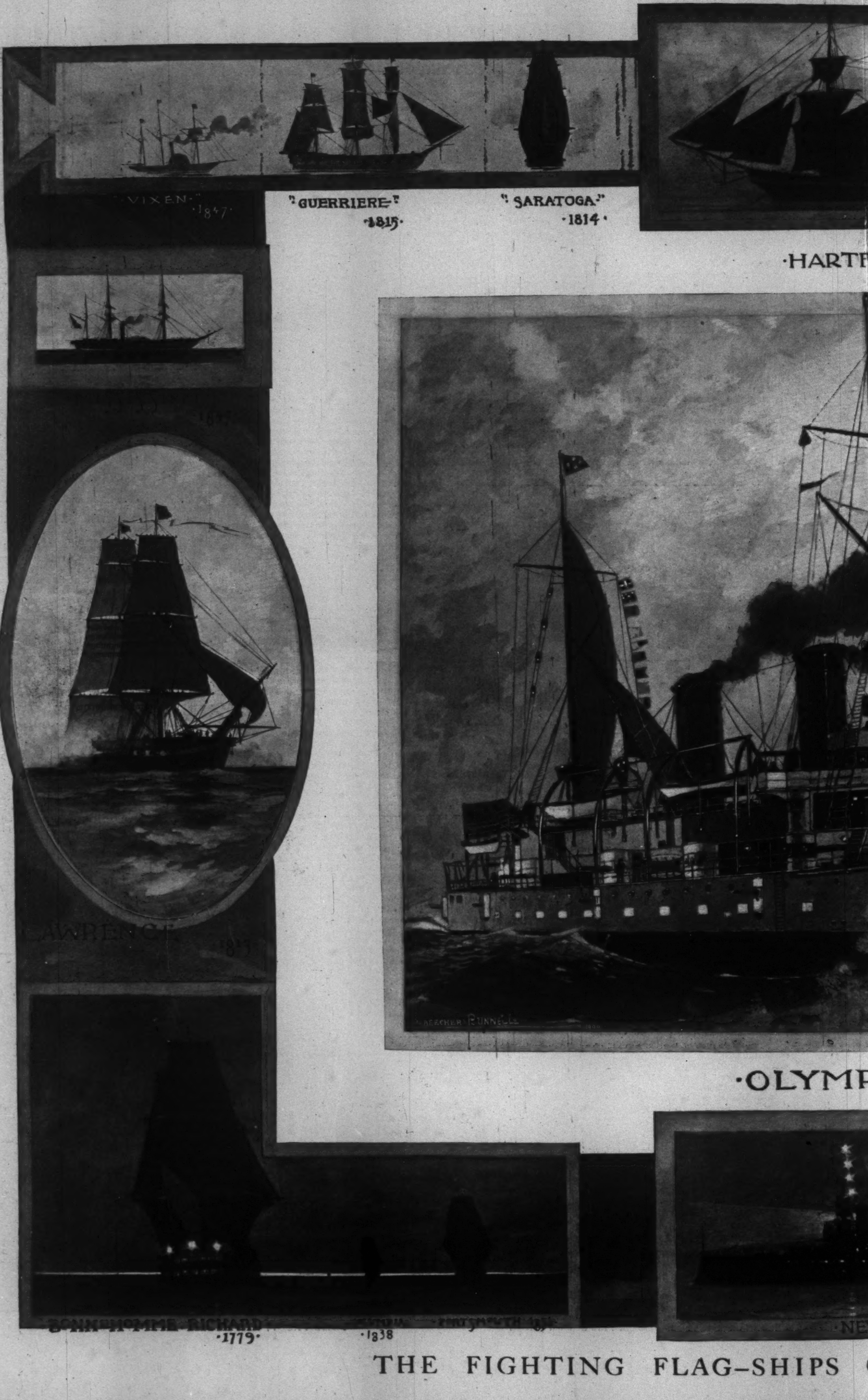
There has been no occasion in the field, so far as can be ascertained, for the Boers to have constructed redoubts of anything like a permanent character. The defences before Pretoria are another matter. At Ladysmith and Mafeking, though, the works are reported to be very strong and exceptionally well built. The Ladysmith defences are patterned, it is learned, after the new style of British redoubt, characterized as it is by a very extended profile as compared with the compact and short profile of the standard field-works of the United States.



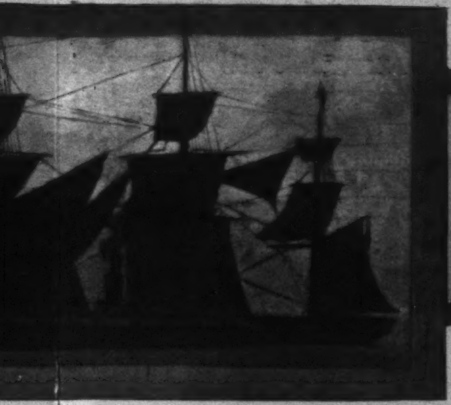
A GUN-BLINDAGE.



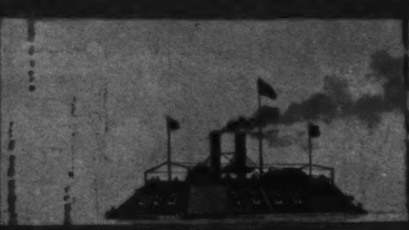
BOMB-PROOF, AND THREE-TIER TRENCHES.


"VIXEN" 1847
"GUERRIERE" 1815
"SARATOGA" 1814
·HARTF
LAWRENCE 1813
·OLYMP
BONHOMME RICHARD ·1779·
·1838
PORTSMOUTH
NE

THE FIGHTING FLAG-SHIPS



RTFORD· ·1862·



"·CINCINNATI·"
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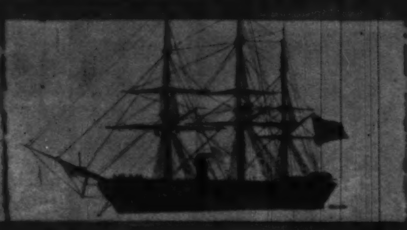

"·WABASH·"
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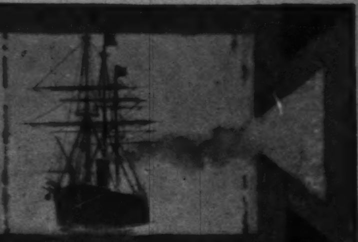

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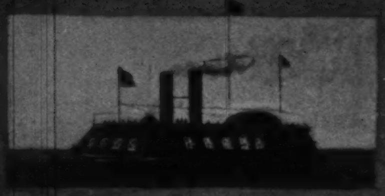
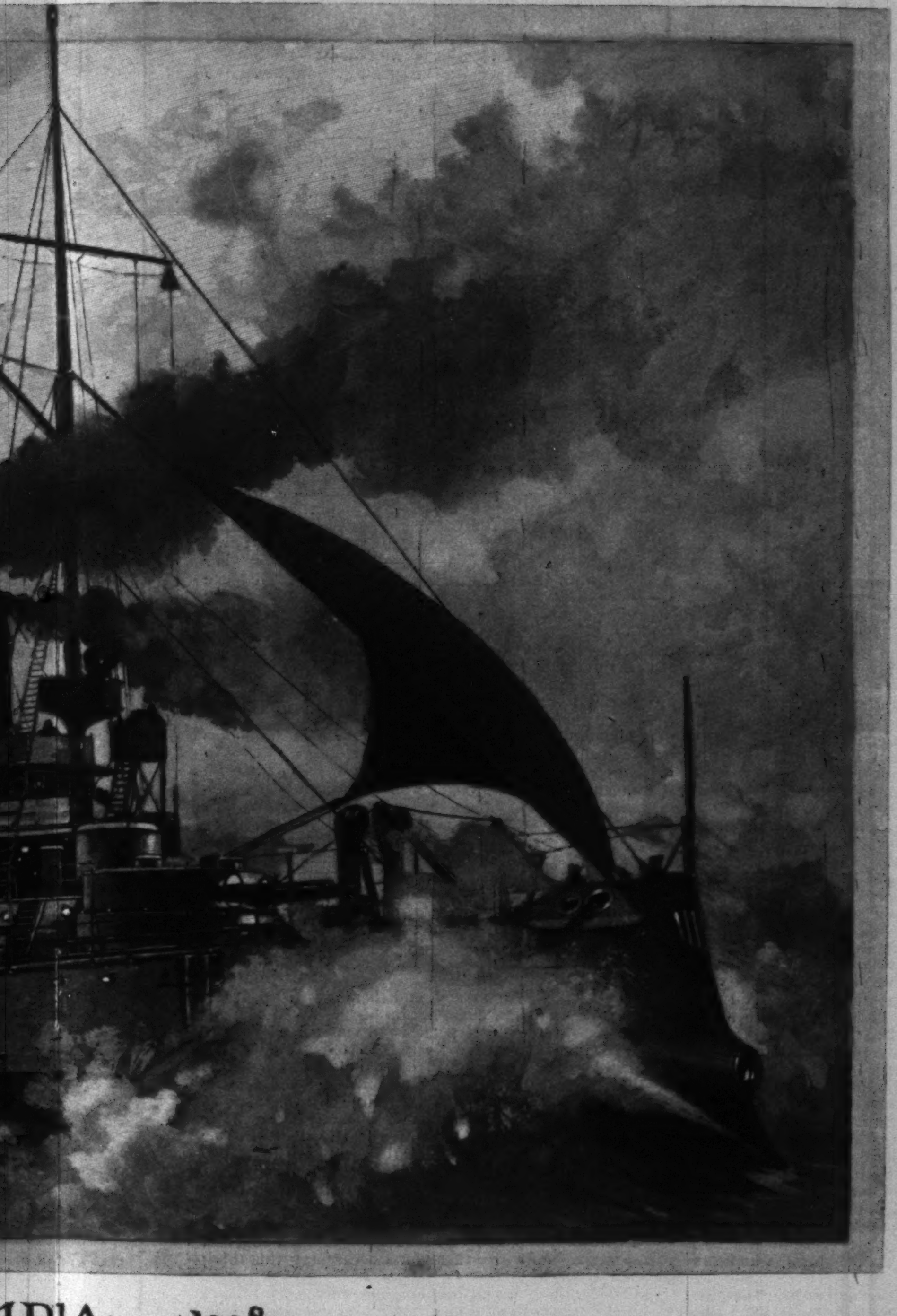
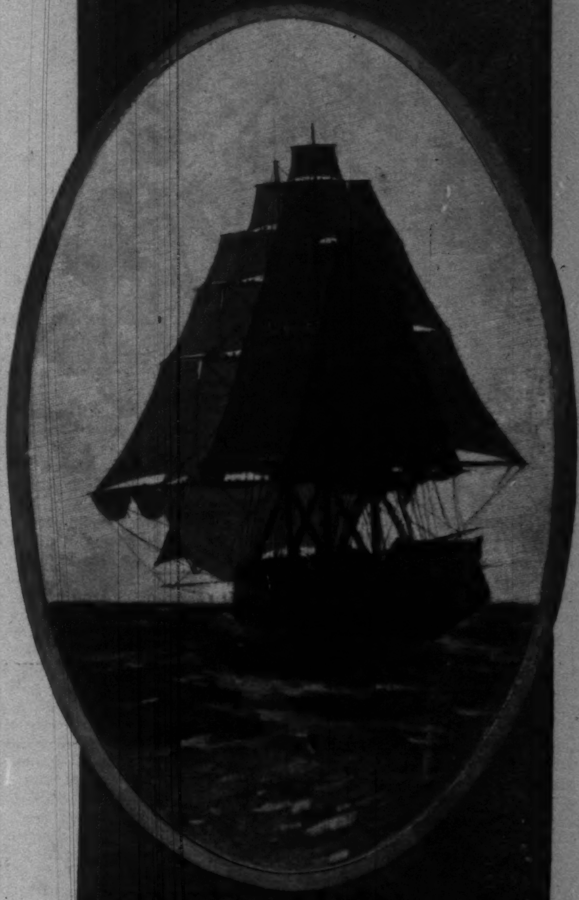


ENTON· 1862·



MPIA· ·1898·



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NEW YORK·

·WEEHAWKEN·1863·

POWHATAN· ·1863

OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

The Action and the Word.*

By Brander Matthews

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Evert Brookfield was able to look back more calmly over the events which crowded the month following the performance of "Frou Frou" at the Metropolitan Opera House, he could not bear to dwell on them. His memory of that period of his married life was like a disordered dream; and even while he was living through it he had felt almost as though he were the victim of a nightmare.

On the morning after the performance of "Frou Frou" every New York newspaper gave it a prominent position on the front page; one journal even declared it to be the most important event of the season, worthy of commemoration as the happy wedding of society and the stage under the auspices of charity. Most of the papers further adorned their columns with portraits of the chief performers, of Mrs. Brookfield and Gurney Twiss, of Miss Archibald and Gordon Scott, accompanying them with pictures of Mrs. Jimmy Suydam and others of the patronesses.

And on the following Sunday the newspapers simply spread themselves all over the affair. One of them printed a special article on the Working-girls' Rest and Recreation League appending interviews with half a dozen working-girls, in which they were made to express great gratitude toward the society ladies who had taken so much trouble in behalf of the poor toilers, and in which one saleslady (whose portrait was also printed) was made to declare that this beautiful deed of benevolence was calculated to bring the classes and the masses together again. Another journal had an equally elaborate article on Mrs. Jimmy Suydam, and on the other ladies on the executive committee of the league. But, to Evert's increasing dissatisfaction, he found that the most space was given to his wife, of whom five different portraits were published, bearing little resemblance to one another or to the original. One made her very tall, and another rather short; one represented her as extremely thin, and another as obviously plump; while a fifth revealed her as the mother of twins, which she was carrying one in each arm. In the letter-press accompanying this last imaginative sketch there was an equally imaginative account of her career, in which the reader was told how strong her predilection for the playhouse had been even in childhood, how she had recited Shakspere with ardor in her early girlhood, how she had studied tragedy in Paris under Coquelin, and how Sarah Bernhardt, having heard the gifted young American recite once at the American ambassador's in Paris, had declared unhesitatingly that she had never supposed such genius was possible in one so young.

These articles Evert read with shivering disgust, and Carla with commingled amusement and pleasure, although the Coquelin-Bernhardt paragraph was too much even for her, and she asked: "What is the matter with them that they can't get anything right? And the idea of thinking that I had twins! I never heard of such a thing!"

This outbreak took place at the Sunday breakfast table, and Dr. Brookfield glanced up with a smile. "Perhaps the reporter who wrote that had looked on the wine when it was red, and he had seen baby double."

"He's a horrid man, anyway," she returned; "and when I read things like that I feel as if some vulgar creature had laid his paws on me. Ugh!" And she gave a little shudder of physical repulsion. "But I must say that most of the newspaper men have been very nice to me, indeed. Nobody could have been more complimentary than that man was in the *Dial*. I do wonder if the Washington papers will be friendly and sympathetic. I'm sure they would be if they only knew what encouragement it is when one feels that one is appreciated."

The doctor looked at her with tolerant affection. "I don't think there is any real danger that you will not be appreciated, my dear," he suggested, with his quizzical expression.

She laughed merrily. "They always are pretty good to me, for a fact," she admitted. "I suppose that's because the reporters are men. I can always get along with men, somehow; but I'm not sure women reporters would be quite so pleasant to me—women are queer, anyway, don't you think so?"

Dr. Brookfield admitted that he had met women who were queer.

Evert said nothing. He had given his consent to the Washington performance, and he regretted that he had done so, although he was well aware that even if he had refused he could not long resist his wife's pleading. Her delight in her own success was so frank and so exuberant that he had not the heart even to wish to check it or curtail it.

But it was with real alarm that he noted how her liking for acting was growing and how absorbed she was becoming in the theatre. She took him to see all the plays in town, making up parties and going two or three times to the same piece if it attracted her. She had Gurney Twiss to dinner often; and with him she could indulge in technical talk about the drama, although, as Evert remarked to himself, this generally degenerated rapidly into personal gossip about theatrical folk.

Evert even began to suspect in his wife an increasing desire for excitement for its own sake. In the earlier months of her married life she had been not only contented, but happy; and her home had been the scene of her happiness. Now, so Evert feared, domestic felicity was no longer as satisfying as it had been before. Of course she loved her husband and her child as much as ever; it never occurred to Evert to doubt this for a moment; but he wondered if he did not find this family affection less sustaining and less adequate than it had been a few months earlier. She said nothing that he could misinterpret; but he was swift to seize on the intangible and to analyze the inner meaning of his deductions. It would be too much to say that he discovered many symptoms of feverish unrest, but he did—or he thought he did—detect a few now and then; and he was forever afraid that he might find more in the immediate future. He had often been puzzled by her transitions from one mood to another, as instantaneous as they were incomprehensible; and now he sometimes was forced to ask himself if he had any real acquaintance with her character.

His impending dread was intensified by the results of the performance of "Frou Frou" in Washington, which took place nearly a month after the performance in New York.

Evert Brookfield had never had so much work on hand since he had first formed his partnership with Delancey Jones; but he dropped everything for three days, and accompanied his wife to Washington. He went with her to the entertainments given in her honor and Mrs. Suydam's; and again he stood at the wings and watched her performance of the wayward, ill-balanced, and adorable heroine. He wondered whether or not it was the result of his own change of feeling, but he thought she did not play the part as well in Washington as in New York; she was far more self-conscious, and in the great scene of the two sisters she was more restrained, not to say stiff. Yet he could not but acknowledge that her success was quite as great the second time as the first; and the reason for this was clearer to him than it had been before. It was due not to the ability of the actress, but to the charm of the woman herself, who could exert the potent fascination of sex even across the fiery circle of the foot-lights. She might have been a more accomplished actress, but she could not have been more attractive; and, on the other hand, she might have been the most awkward of amateurs without breaking the spell.

After the curtain had fallen for the fifth time, there were as many recalls from the public as at the Metropolitan, and as many congratulations from the friends who swarmed upon the stage. There was a supper that night given to all the performers, at the house of a cabinet minister, and there was a late and elaborate breakfast the next morning at the house of a wealthy Senator. Then the whole party returned to New York; and Evert ventured to hope that he would hear less of the theatre for the rest of the winter.

It was with impatience that he glanced through the Washington papers of the morning after the performance and at the New York papers of the following Sunday. He was tired of the same bald praise and the same complacent misinformation. He threw himself into his work with renewed energy; and he hoped that his household would resume its former satisfactory placidity.

In this he was disappointed, for there was very soon a proposal for a performance of an Ibsen play, all by amateurs, with Carla in the chief character. It was to be either "Hedda Gabler" or the "Doll's House"; and the choice was to be left to Mrs. Brookfield.

With this new proposition Mrs. Jimmy Suydam had nothing to do. She had cleared some fifteen thousand dollars for her society, and she was glad to return to her former easy-going existence unencumbered with responsibilities. The Ibsen play was a suggestion of Gurney Twiss, who was insatiable in his histrionic appetite.

Nor was this new performance, distasteful as it was to Evert Brookfield, the chief of his worries. He became conscious slowly that there was a vague public expectation that Carla was going on the stage as a professional actress. Friends stopped him in the street to inquire if there was any truth in the report. Paragraphs appeared in the papers, now and again, referring to the probable appearance of a leading society lady in the chief theatres of the United States. He could not trace these reports to any definite source; and when he spoke to Carla about them she only laughed, and said, "How absurd!" But he suspected that these paragraphs were not so ungrateful to her as they were to him.

And this did not reassure him. Indeed, a fear seized him that she might have been possessed by the desire for the excitement and the notoriety which success on the stage can give. He sought vainly for evidence in support of this suspicion, but he could find none. Carla, whatever undisclosed ambitions might be luxuriating in her inscrutable head, was in no wise different. She was out oftener, it was true, but when she was at home she was the same affectionate wife she had always been, and the same devoted mother. Her domestic affairs were managed with the same easy tact and with the same absence of friction. She continued to make the house as comfortable as ever for her husband and for his father.

As it happened, the baby was not quite so well during the first week in April; he was teething, and he had caught cold also. Carla broke her engagements for a week to remain at home with her child; and she went out every day for a walk only because Dr. Brookfield insisted.

One evening she rose from the dinner table while Evert and the doctor were smoking over their coffee.

"I think I'll just go up and take a peep at baby," she said.

"And how is my grandson this evening?" asked the doctor.

"He's cut that tooth at last," she answered, "and he scarcely cried at all! He's a brave little fellow. But there's another one coming on the other side, and it makes him restless in his sleep. Lina was up most of last night with him, and I think I had perhaps better take charge of him to-night myself—since you are not going to be here, Evert."

"I must take the midnight train," her husband answered. "But I'll try to get back to-morrow in time for dinner. I think I can do all I have to do before one o'clock."

He had been summoned to Boston to consult in regard to the plans of a group of model tenement-houses about to be erected there.

"I wish I was going with you," she said, standing behind his chair and smoothing down a little wave in his dark hair.

"I wish I wasn't going myself," he returned, reaching up and taking her hand.

"Oh, it would be all right if we only went together," she declared. "I enjoy railroad trips. I envy the theatrical companies on the road; they have such lots of travelling. It must be a delightful life to be here one week and somewhere else the next—and to be welcome everywhere, and waited for, and boomed in advance, and all that. And then the dining-cars! I do like to eat a good dinner while I'm going forty miles an hour! The speed gives me an appetite!"

"Perhaps you would like to ride on a comet and rely on the Milky Way for your ice-cream?" suggested the doctor. "Your travelling stars couldn't have anything as exciting as that."

"They do have experiences almost as romantic," she answered, still playing with her husband's hair. "Archibald and Scott got telling about things when we were coming back from Washington, and she has had lots and lots of adventures. Why, once she played *Juliet* in a mining-camp, on a stage made of two billiard tables! That must have been fun, don't you think?"

"I'm inclined to believe that it is more amusing to tell of now than it was when it actually happened," the doctor remarked.

Evert said nothing. He was disquieted, as he was always when Carla began to talk about the theatre.

"I'll have your bag packed for you, Evert," she said as she moved toward the door. "And be sure you take a thick overcoat, for it looks as though we were going to have a bad storm."

When she had left them, the two men smoked on in silence for a while. Evert, always observant, had noticed that the doctor had looked at her curiously. He became conscious that his father was then gazing at him, as though he had something to say.

What the doctor did was to press the electric button under his feet.

When the butler appeared, the doctor asked him to bring a folded paper he would find on the mantel-piece of the office.

"There's something in it I want to show you," Dr. Brookfield said to his son, as the servant left the room. "It's a copy of this week's *Upper Ten* that somebody has kindly sent me, after having marked a couple of paragraphs so that I could not fail to see them."

"Even that dirty little sheet can't have dared to say anything against you, father, I hope," asserted Evert.

"This is not meant to be offensive," the doctor explained. "Of course it is vulgar; the fellows who write for papers like that cannot help being vulgar; they are born so. But there is no desire to insult any of us in these paragraphs. And it is not I they have chosen for a topic this time; it is Carla."

The butler returned with the copy of *The Upper Ten: The Journal of the Smart Set.*

When they were alone again, Dr. Brookfield opened the paper and handed it to his son.

Crosses in ink on the margin drew the reader's attention to two of the paragraphs in a department called "Our Whispering Gallery."

Of late Evert had avoided reading the various newspaper articles about his wife. He hated even to see her name in print. At his father's request he now made haste to see what it was *The Upper Ten* had to say.

"In the most exclusive circles of society," it began, "nothing is talked about now, when two or three are gathered together *en petit comité*, but Mrs. Evert Brookfield's sudden success as an amateur actress; and the question is much debated whether so much beauty and talent will not naturally sooner or later seek its proper field of display on the professional stage. Mrs. Brookfield is one of the prettiest of our young matrons; she has dark eyes and light brown hair, with splashes of gold in it when you get her in just the right light. Her husband is a good-looking man, too, as well as an architect of admitted ability. They have one child now, a manly little fellow not yet two years old. The handsome young couple are living with his father, Dr. Brookfield, the eminent specialist; and it shows the care with which Mrs. Carla Brookfield has approached her new art that she went to her father-in-law to get all the details of poor little *Frou Frou's* death-bed just right from a medical point of view. For the scarf-dance in the 'Doll's House,' which she is next to undertake, Mrs. Brookfield will be coached by Mlle. O. de Jouvence, the *première assoluta* of the new 'Black Crook' company."

Evert read this to the end, and then looked up at his father with a scowl of contempt on his face.

"Yes," said the doctor, "it is distasteful, of course. But the fellow is nearer right than they usually are. Carla did ask me a question or two about *Frou Frou's* death. But I hadn't heard about *Nora's* dance."

"Nor I, either," returned his son, impatiently. "I don't believe there's a word of truth in it! So far as I know, they have not yet decided whether to play 'A Doll's House' or 'Hedda Gabler,' or even whether they will play anything. I haven't spoken to Carla about it lately, and so I don't know just what has been done. I dislike the whole thing so much that I try to avoid talking about it."

"And yet you have been thinking about it constantly," the doctor declared, gravely. "I have watched you, and it has worried me to see that you are carrying this thing on your mind."

Although ill at ease, Evert laughed a little. "I'm all right," he returned. "I've noticed you were keeping an eye on me, as you used to do when I was a naughty boy."

"You were never very naughty," said his father. "Now read over the leaf."

"Is there more of the stuff?" asked the son, as he took up the paper again.

The second paragraph was about as long as the first.

"Few amateurs," it continued, "would put the same conscience into their work that Mrs. Brookfield does—and few professional actresses, either, for that matter. In fact, some of the most experienced first-nighters in New York who saw her act *Frou Frou* declared that they had rarely been so impressed by any first appearance. It has been reported that a leading English manager cabled at once to see if Mrs. Brookfield could be induced to appear in London; but even if this is true, we understand that there is no likelihood of her accepting the proposal, in spite of the tempting terms offered. In fact, we are in a position to say, on the very best authority, that if Mrs. Brookfield does decide on a professional career she will put herself in the hands of one of the most enterprising of American managers, Mr. Ezekiel Kilburn, known to his friends from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, as 'Zeke.' Mr.

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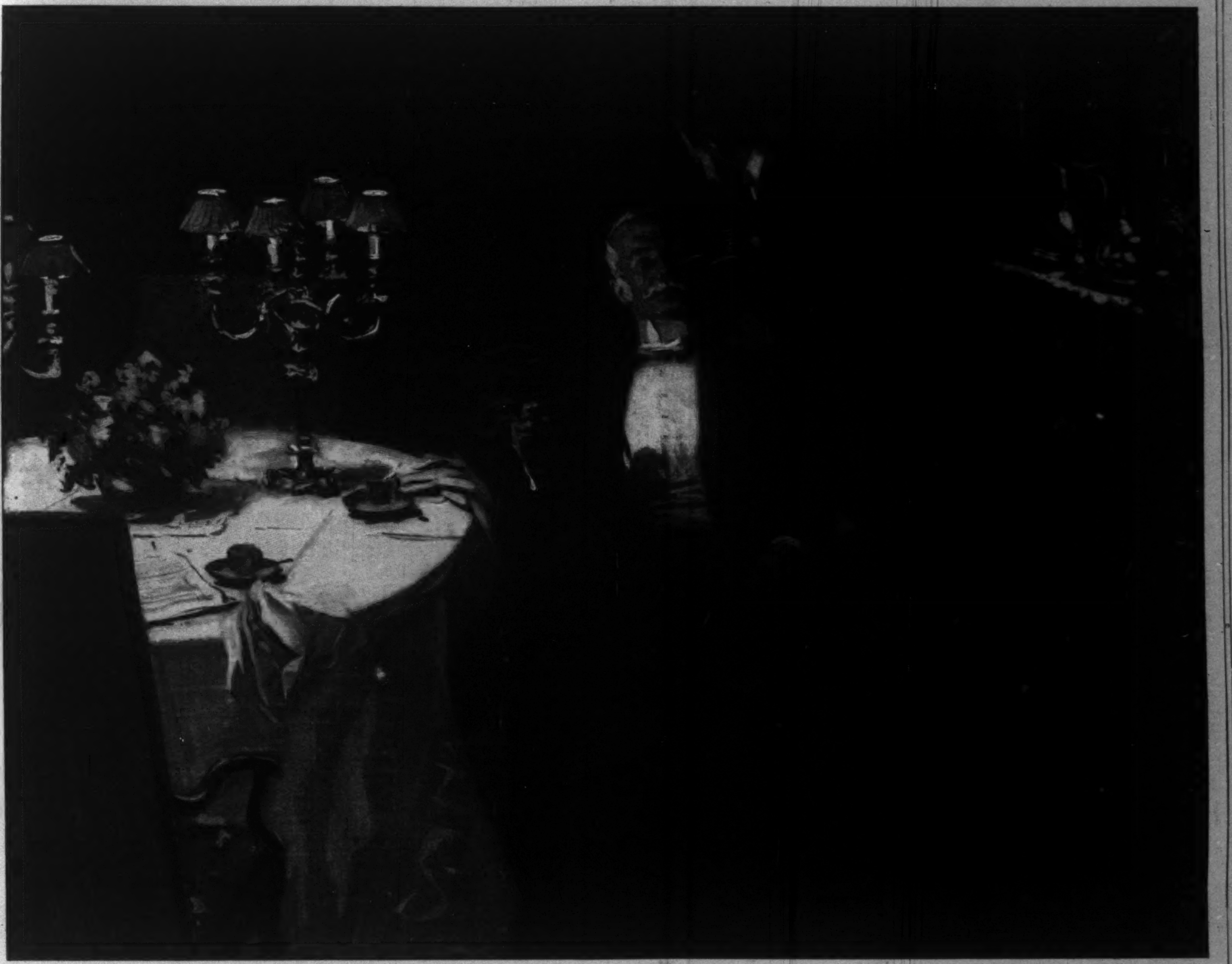
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2250.



"FATHER, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE HER."

Kilburn has been in treaty with Mrs. Brookfield for a month, and although the contract is not yet signed, he expresses himself as perfectly satisfied with the outlook."

It was almost with a groan that Evert finished this paragraph.

"I didn't like it, either," said his father. "Is there any truth in it at all?"

"I don't know," the son answered. "Sometimes I'm afraid her head has been turned, and then again she is just as she used to be. I have feared that she might be carried away by the temptation—for it is a temptation to her, I admit. She loves admiration, and where can she get it so well as on the stage? She is getting fonder of excitement, also, and acting would give her that too. I've watched her, and I've seen her mind playing with the thought and getting familiar with it. Then it was that I determined to hold my peace and to let her fight out her own salvation."

"Are you sure that is the wisest policy?" his father asked. "Generally a wife who loves her husband as Carla loves you likes to have him decide for her all matters of importance."

"Perhaps you are right," Evert returned; "but I don't want to control her against her will. I want her to have her own way."

"Do you think that she really knows her own mind?" inquired the doctor. "I doubt it. She seems to me essentially womanly and eternally feminine; and if I am right in that, she will be glad always to do what you think best, if only you have tact in conveying your wishes to her."

"Do you think so really?" Evert wondered. "I confess I don't understand her always."

His father smiled tolerantly. "Did any man ever understand any woman?"

"Ever since I married her I've done my best always to make her happy," pursued the son; "I've tried to give her everything she wanted."

"I doubt if mere indulgence is really the best way to make her happy," the doctor declared.

"I've tried always to find just what she means by what she says—" Evert went on.

The doctor's laugh was not mocking as he interrupted: "Come, come, Evert; don't you think you had better give that up as a bad job? No man can ever make sure of a woman's meaning. Of course not; if he could it would be a betrayal of sex. Since the days of the cave-dwellers women have been trained to make indirection a vital principle. To be straightforward is to be unwomanly."

"Do you really believe that, father?" Evert asked.

"I am sure of it," was the response. "I discovered years ago that there is a great difference between the way a woman uses words and the way a man uses them. To a man a word is like a coin, having an exact value, but to a woman it is only a symbol. And with most women speech is not used to convey thought or to communicate information, but chiefly to express emotion. When a wife calls her husband a brute she does not mean that, but she has just discovered that her dress does not fit."

"Carla has never called me a brute," said her husband, "and I've never given her cause."

"Some day you may get tired of going to the dressmakers' to be sure that her clothes fit," the doctor retorted. "And there is this to be said, also, that Carla is larger-minded than most women, I think, just as she is more charming. Perhaps it is her certainty of admiration that puts her above some of the petty weaknesses of the sex."

"That is rather subtle, isn't it?" Evert asked. "But I see what you mean, and I agree with you. Carla would be disappointed if she failed of the admiration she is used to."

"She is not likely ever to go without it," the doctor declared. "Other men have eyes as well as you and I, and they can see her fascination also."

"I am never jealous," Evert asserted; "I hope I have too absolute a confidence in her for that. But I am not blind, and I've discovered that she really cannot help trying to please every man who comes within her radius."

"Yes," the doctor agreed; "she has two voices even, one for women and one for men."

"You have noticed that too, have you?" his son asked, in surprise.

"She uses both on me," Dr. Brookfield explained. "Apparently I am sometimes a man and sometimes a mere father-in-law."

"Even that old stage-manager," Evert continued, "that Sherrington, or whatever his name was, a man used to the wiles of two generations of actresses—well, when Carla smiled at him he let her have her own way at once. Don't suppose I am jealous—"

"I know you too well," said his father, "and I know her too well. And what is more, I love her too much not to understand her a little. She is all the daughter I can ever have, Evert, the only woman now who will ever sit at the head of this table. She has brought youth and gayety into this house, and I am grateful for it."

The son looked at his father and nodded.

"And then she is perpetually interesting," the doctor continued. "I never know what she is going to do next. I know only that it will be something delightful—"

Evert raised the paper in his hand and pointed to the paragraph.

"This wouldn't be delightful!" he said.

"That is not done yet," answered his father. "Of course it would be dreadful if it were to come to pass. Carla is nervous to-night, and restless—"

"What makes you say that?" interrupted her husband.

"Because I am sure of it," his father replied. "And she has been a little different the last week or so, as though she were approaching a decision she was in perplexity about."

"A decision?" Evert repeated. "Do you mean that she is seriously considering going on the stage?"

"I think she is considering it," was the answer; "but I don't think she will go."

"If she has gone so far as to dally with the temptation, I'm in deadly fear she may yield to it at last," said the son.

"I am not," returned the father. "The longer she dallies with it, the less likely she is to yield to it. The temptation may glitter, but a second thought will reveal that it is not golden. Carla is no fool; she likes her life of ease and luxury; and she will hesitate before she gives that up for the exacting hard work of the stage. As a joke, as an experiment, as a relaxation, acting is enchanting, but as a business it is not alluring; and Carla will remember that before it is too late."

"I am glad you think the worst is over," Evert returned as he rose to his feet. "I wish I could think so. Sometimes I do, when I reflect how impossible it would be for her, with all her delicacy and refinement, to stand the coarse labor of the theatre. My heart sinks for her. And I don't see how I can do anything. I would not control her decision if I could. If she is really tempted to leave her home for the stage, she must make her choice herself; and if she gives up this gratification of her vanity, she must do it of her own accord and not on my account."

His father looked at him with pride as his son stood erect, and then he smiled with satisfaction.

"Evert, my boy," he said, "do you know the best card in your hand in this game you are playing? It is yourself! It is lucky for us all that you are a strong, healthy fellow, rather better looking than the next man."

"Do you suppose she thinks of that?" the son asked, sceptically.

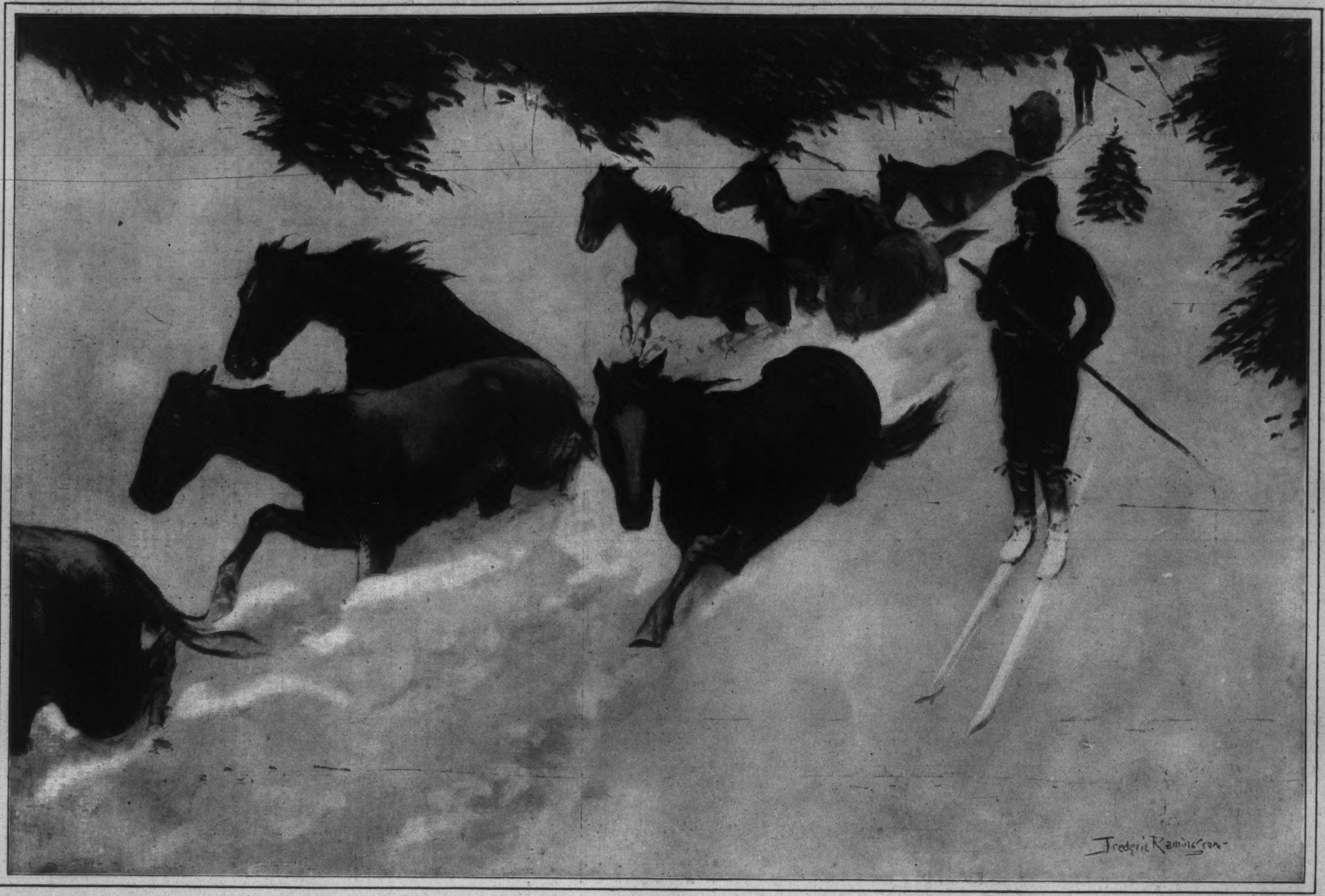
"Quite possibly she does not *think* of it," his father answered. "But she *knows* it, and she is in no danger of forgetting it."

Evert laid his hand on the doctor's shoulder, saying, "Father, you don't know how much I love her!"

The doctor looked up into his son's eyes as he answered: "I think I do. At least, I know how I loved your mother."

They said nothing for a minute, and then the clock struck. Evert looked up. Seeing that it was ten, he shook hands with his father, and went up stairs to make ready for his midnight journey to Boston.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


Frederic Remington

WORKING SNOW-BOUND PONIES OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

AN officer serving in the Philippines writes to the Weekly to commend to the attention of its readers the merits and services of the Macabebes. Of all the Filipino tribes they have been almost alone in giving cordial and valuable support from the start to the Americans. They remained loyal to Spain during the revolution of 1896, and earned the dislike of the Tagals. They have remained loyal to us throughout the present insurrection, and their best men have been in the field with our troops, so that we all have read something of the exploits of the Macabebe scouts. Several companies of these scouts have lately been organized under supervision of American officers, and are likely to form a permanent regiment for service in the islands. An officer who has been engaged in this work of forming them into a disciplined body is strongly impressed with their qualities, as well as with their deserts. He says that they deserve recognition and reward; and as they are intelligent, progressive, and eager to improve themselves, he thinks that the best thing that can be done for them is to give them schools, in which they can learn English, and put themselves in the way of being Americans with the least possible delay. They live, like most Filipinos, in villages, where they can be easily reached. Their chief settlement, in the island of Luzon, not very far from Manila, is a town of 16,000 population, and as many more of them live in near-by villages. No doubt it is the purpose of the government to establish schools generally in the Philippines when the insurrection is over and the country quiet. What our correspondent urges is that since the Macabebes have fought on our side, and fought repeatedly with distinction and success, and have abundantly earned any special favor we may show them, they should be rewarded by being the first to have schools provided for them. He is loath to wait for the somewhat deliberate processes of government. He wants schools for the Macabebes right away, and urges the raising of funds for their construction, equipment, and endowment, so that these natives "may praise God for the day they took up the American cause." "As for myself," writes this officer, "I am well, but long, every time I stop to think about it, for my own country. However, there is lots to do here, and if I can benefit these people, as well as wage war against them, I am content to stay."

Surely that is the spirit we should wish to encourage in our soldiers. It is worth noting that this officer, engaged in making soldiers of the Macabebes, asks, in their behalf, for what will increase their efficiency, not merely as fighting-men, but as citizens. "Liberties will be given to them," he says, "they have never had before, and it is our duty to teach them how to make use of their advantages. They are eager to learn. A school can undoubtedly be maintained in their town if once established, but I should like to see it made secure by a large enough sum to give it a firm footing, and make it an expression of the appreciation and gratitude of the American people."

MR. A. S. FRISSELL, of the Fifth Avenue Bank, New York, is treasurer of the fund that is being raised for the widow of Brigadier-General Guy V. Henry. Cornelius N. Bliss is chairman of the general committee which has the fund in charge, and which includes seventy-five very well known gentlemen from all parts of the country. The fund deserves support, and, being in good hands, will doubtless receive it. General Henry was forty years in the army, and served in the civil war and in many Indian campaigns, as well as in the war with Spain. He was military governor of Puerto Rico, and labored there to admirable purpose, but with an intensity of effort that broke down his strength. There is testimony, too, of the great usefulness of Mrs. Henry herself in Puerto Rico, and of the high value of her labors there in establishing schools and organizing charitable works, which have been continued.

THE project for a statue of Lafayette, to be unveiled in Paris on the 4th of next July, and for the cost of which more than $100,000 has been raised in America, seems not to be in a satisfactory stage of progress. It was for this statue that the Lafayette dollars were coined, and a successful appeal for contributions was made to the school-children of the country. The general commission that became theoretically responsible for the conduct of the scheme included the Governors and superintendents of education of the States and Territories, and many other highly respectable representative men. To see that the right man did the work in the right way was to be the duty of a committee made up of the presidents of the National Sculpture Society, the Society of American Artists, and the Institute of American Artists. This should have been a good committee, though it may not have had due chance to act. At any rate, the management of the statue enterprise is being warmly criticised. Paul Bartlett, an American in Paris, to whom the work of designing the statue appears to have been intrusted, does not impress all the American sculptors as being equal to so important a commission. He has designed an equestrian statue of moderate size. It is averred that the top price for equestrian statues heretofore has been $50,000, and that $35,000 would be a very high price for Mr. Bartlett's. Wonder is therefore expressed as to how $100,000 can be spent on it. One explanation is that gold and silver are to be added to the bronze of which the statue is to be made, and that the whole statue is to be cast in a single piece, which will be particularly expensive. Neither of these explanations inspires confidence. On the contrary, there is a prevalent uneasiness among persons interested in art for fear that the matter is not being managed as it should be, but that the money raised is in danger of being wasted, and that the French are in danger of being provided with a representative American gold brick. It is believed that things have not yet gone so far but that any mistakes that may have been made can be remedied, but it is time that whoever has that $100,000 should explain where it is, and what use has been, or is to be, made of it. What is wanted is the best hundred thousand dollars' worth of effigy of Lafayette that the United States can produce. Nothing less should be accepted. Whatever is accepted should be vouched for by competent authorities. The work should be done under such conditions that no one can successfully disparage either its artistic merits or the economy or probity of the persons by whom the fiscal end of it was managed.

THERE has been earnest discussion in Boston over a bill to regulate vivisection. The sponsors of the bill are members of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The bill provides that experiments on live animals shall only be made "with a view to the advancement or new discovery of physiological knowledge, or knowledge which will be useful in saving or prolonging life or alleviating pain," and that persons performing such experiments shall hold a license from the secretary of the commonwealth. The public discussion of the subject before the legislative Committee on Probate and Insolvency has been characterized by the notable display of intelligent public interest which such matters usually excite in Boston. Among those who appeared against the bill and in favor of leaving vivisection alone were Dr. Bowditch, President Eliot, and Bishop Lawrence. One of the strong arguments against meddling with vivisection was the efficacy of antitoxine as a remedy for diphtheria. Without experiments on live animals there would have been no antitoxine. It was argued that it was highly inexpedient to embarrass or hinder a method of research which had yielded such valuable results. Further, it was held against the particular bill in question that no officer of government or court was qualified to determine who should have a license to experiment and who should not.

The agitation against vivisection comes up periodically in many States, and action taken in Massachusetts would undoubtedly have wide influence as a precedent. The anti-vivisectionists usually argue not only that many experiments on animals are exceedingly cruel, but that no important benefit has ever come, or will come, from vivisection, however conducted. They distrust and disparage antitoxine and all serums, and they are usually opposed to vaccination. The general public, which does not follow them to the extreme conclusions which they reach, is apt to argue that they are "cranks," and that though there is some truth in their allegations of cruelty in certain cases to animals used for experiment, on the whole it is safer to trust to the opinions and consciences of reputable surgeons and men of learning and science. The general public undoubtedly believes in the virtues of antitoxine and vaccination, and in any reasonable use or sacrifice of animal life which promises to advance medical knowledge.

THE most notable thing about Mr. Sheldon's experiment with the Topeka *Capital* has been the lively interest taken in it by the other newspapers. Newspapers usually minimize their advertisement of one another's doings, but a fairly complete account of Mr. Sheldon's demonstration of his idea of what a newspaper would be like if it was conducted on Christian principles has been telegraphed day by day from one end of the country to the other. The *Capital*, under Mr. Sheldon's management, seems not to be particularly lively reading, and it seems unlikely that its acceptance will be enthusiastic enough to encourage the establishment of a permanent daily journal to be governed by the same principles. Its chief defect seems to be that it doesn't print the news It should be remembered, though, that the experiment was a very difficult one, and that the paper Mr. Sheldon succeeds in making will probably fall far short of his ideals of what a Christian newspaper ought to be. No doubt the experiment was somewhat rash, and possibly it was unwise. Mr. Sheldon himself, however, is very gently handled by his contemporaries, most of whom speak of him with the utmost kindness as a good and sincere man, who seeks neither money nor self-advertisement, but bends himself to his work for the work's sake.

IT is well known that France, which used to be a temperate country of wine-drinkers, has become lamentably drunken, owing to the great increase in the consumption of cheap and deleterious spirits. How to restrict the use of these bad forms of alcohol and recall the French people to its old-time moderation is one of the pressing governmental problems of the time. Remedial measures are indispensable, but preventive legislation is found to be very difficult, and because of the conflict of theories, and the strength of the interests that are concerned with the manufacture and sale of liquors, no restrictive measure has yet passed the French Parliament. In our country all liquor laws are passed by the State legislatures, but in France such legislation must be national. Our system is the more favorable to experiments.

Meanwhile, in the absence of any helpful law, some of the French local authorities are trying to do something, and it is reported that the prefect of the Meurthe and Moselle has hit upon the plan of fighting rum by placard, and has papered every commune in his district with warning bills, apprising all readers of the disastrous consequences of too much strong drink. How much good the warnings have done does not appear yet; but if it is true, as reported, that one Frenchman in nine is a drunkard, there is no lack of object-lessons everywhere to give point to the prefect's exhortations. It is reported too that General Dunop of the 10th Army Corps has forbidden the sale of alcohol in the military canteens throughout his district, but it is not understood that he has ruled out wines and the lighter beverages. One of the indiscretions of the contemporary French drunkard is that he drinks pure alcohol, as well as brandy, absinthe, and other exceptionally dangerous means of exhilaration.

CECIL RHODES still shows himself to be a man of imagination. Recent reports credit him with the intention of sending an architect to Egypt, Rome, and Athens to study mausoleums, and determine upon one suitable to be built at Kimberley to the memory of those killed during the siege. Such a project attests Mr. Rhodes's confidence that the erection of monuments in South Africa is to be the concern of the British rather than of the Dutch. Be it noticed, to Mr. Rhodes's credit, that he proposes to build his mausoleum in Kimberley and not in London. Many exceptions are observed nowadays to the scriptural maxim that where a man's treasure is there shall his heart be also, but with Mr. Rhodes it really seems to hold good. His heart is really in Africa, along with his diamond-mines and gold-mines, his railroads and his dreams. The suggestion that he is in training to become the George Washington of the Afrikanders is not so fantastic as some things in accepted fiction; and fiction, as we all know, is not so queer or so improbable as real life.

A PARIS despatch says that "the greatest interest is manifested" in that capital in a book in which M. Flournoy, a professor in Geneva University, tells remarkable tales about a respectable somnambulist young woman whom he knows, who makes very curious disclosures in her sleep. It seems that she recalls various previous states of existence, in the planet Mars, in India, and in France before the Revolution. In her sleep she speaks and writes a language presumed to be Martian, also Arabic and Sanscrit, and recites obscure episodes of Indian history, the accuracy of which has been verified out of rare old manuscripts. It seems highly creditable to the disingenuousness of the Parisians that they should be exercised by these disclosures, but, after all, there has lately been a great deal of evidence that the French power of belief is very strong. In this country we read all the stories the newspapers offer, and enjoy them, but our capacity for being excited by them is not what it was. When our college professors tell us that they are in communication with other worlds and other times we wish them joy, and envy them their leisure for research, but we no longer get excited. In certain directions the limits of human knowledge seems to be nearly absolute, and if one would pass them he can still go as far in company of Swedenborg as of any modern. If M. Flournoy will bring his back-sighted seeress to the Exposition, possibly a meeting, more or less competitive, could be arranged between her and our Mrs. Piper, in whose unusual powers so many of our notable professors have suspected a means of extending human knowledge.

THE extreme eagerness of an important proportion of the population of this country to be gulled by persons of talent, as recently illustrated on a large scale by the enterprising Miller's 520-per-cent. enterprise in Brooklyn, is daily attested by new disclosures. The mail of a person named Parker was held up in Boston on February 27, because the postal officials suspected that he was using his postal privileges improperly. Within a fortnight 8000 ordinary letters and several hundred registered letters accumulated for him, besides about seven hundred advices of money-orders, which last were returned to the senders. Parker's business was the sale of "lucky boxes" for ninety-nine cents each. The details of his methods do not appear, but he represented that his lucky boxes were imported from India, whereas in reality they were made for him in Lynn at a cost of five cents each, so that his margin of profit was handsome. A person who understands advertising and human nature as well as this Parker seems to, ought to eschew doubtful enterprises, and establish himself respectably in the patent-medicine business.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

NO nation is quite so averse as the English to pushing an advantage. When once the upper hand is gained, something in the temperament of the people opens the way to a flood of sentimental weakness that saps prudence and common-sense and hurries on a deluge of criminal generosity. The trait has its roots in good qualities, but it may easily be carried too far. The British have carried it too far time and again, and nowhere so often as in South Africa. Seeley used to say that England conquered half the world in a fit of absent-mindedness, not knowing what she was about. There was really no other way in which she could conquer it. For any such deliberate scheme of expansion as has brought Russia to Chinese waters, coolly matured and inflexibly carried out, both the British constitution and the peculiarities of the British people are entirely unfitted. Unscientific by instinct, they have been peculiarly so in the work of empire-building. Good luck and the absence of rivals have been the main foundation of British expansion, and what fortune has brought, diplomacy has often just as lightly thrown away—diplomacy and this tendency to be unduly considerate of a vanquished foe because he is vanquished. The characteristic is not racial, but solely insular. America has it not, nor is it a quality of the Australian or Canadian make-up. Perhaps I can make my meaning clearer by saying that had England been in the position America held after the Spanish war, Puerto Rico and the Philippines at least would still be parts of the Spanish crown. Or, if that is putting it a little too strongly, one may assert with confidence that the opposition to their retention in England would have been one hundred times as powerful as any that developed in the United States.

THE history of British rule in South Africa would make a perfect homily on the text that it is not man's inhumanity to man that causes most of the world's suffering, but his foolish and misguided humanity. It was long before the English could make up their minds whether they wanted Cape Town or not. They took it and handed it back again to Holland, and captured it once more before resigning themselves to keeping permanent possession of the essential half-way house on the route to India; and the note of vacillation then struck has been echoing ever since. The British government put its policy into the hands of the missionaries, and the missionaries ruled on the principle that all natives were angels and all Boers devils. The result was the secession of 10,000 Dutch colonists, and the ultimate founding of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Still bent on philanthropy, the British fostered and built up powerful native states, like the Zulus and the Basutos, whose overthrow cost an egregious sacrifice of men and money. They took possession of the Orange Free State in 1848, governed it for eight years, and then restored it to the Dutch settlers from sheer weariness. They annexed the Transvaal in 1877 and handed it back four years later, after an uprising in which a small British detachment was captured and a British general shot. Well might Bartle Frere exclaim that he had never been able to discover any principle in British policy in South Africa, except that of giving way whenever a difficulty was encountered.

ALL the troubles in South Africa, up to and including the present war, have had their origin in that combination of short-sightedness and defective altruism which goes by the name of British diplomacy. But in spite of this incontestable fact, in spite of the use to which the Transvaal has put the freedom so foolishly granted it, there are still people who think that the terms of peace should guarantee, as in the past, the independence of the two republics. Luckily the events of the last few years have sharpened the wits of the British government. The mania for colonies that has seized upon the nations of Europe has made it clear that if Great Britain is to hold her own the old policy of magnanimous surrender, all very well in the days when there was no competition, must be abandoned. Lord Salisbury's emphatic answer to President Kruger's peace overtures shows that the Arcadian age of Gladstonianism has passed, and that England is at length going to think a little of the future, and indulge somewhat in what the Viceroy of India called "an intelligent anticipation of events before they occur."

THE war must end in the absolute wiping out of the Transvaal and Orange Free State as independent communities. Only so can there be any security against a repetition of the present struggle. But when that security has been taken there is no need, and certainly no desire among the people of England, to treat the two states any more harshly than the North treated the South at the end of the civil war. British and Dutch have to live together in South Africa somehow, and the problem of how is really not so formidable as some imagine. It has been solved satisfactorily, too, all over South Africa, except in the Transvaal, and but for the backwardness of the Boers and their insistence upon racial supremacy it would have been peacefully solved in the Transvaal also. The war will at least make a settlement easier by putting an end to the contempt with which the two races used to regard one another. And when the inevitable period of military occupation has gone by, and British rule, as it is in Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and the rest of South Africa, is applied to the Transvaal, the Boers will find that if they have lost their independence, they have the next thing to it in the shape of the fullest self-government, that their language is respected in the Volksraad and the law courts, and that in all their civil and political rights they stand on just the same footing as the British themselves. White men have never yet revolted against such a system as that; and though the Boers have some unusual peculiarities of their own, it is more than likely that they will prove just as amenable as other people to the steady pressure of kindness.

IT has taken a little over a year to complete the formal Russification of Finland, and the swelling tide of Finnish emigration to these shores tells us plainly enough what the Finns think of it. The loss of their independence on the plea of military necessity was foreshadowed at the very moment of the Peace Conference, and threw a very dubious light on the sincerity of the Czar's encyclical. It has now been officially accomplished. Last Thursday's cablegrams announced that the post of Finnish minister to the court of St. Petersburg had been done away with, and that Finland had ceased to be a grand-duchy. Henceforward it is an integral part of the Russian Empire. The Finns passed under the Russian sceptre in 1809. Up till then they had been an independent part of the Swedish crown. They had a constitution which preserved to them most of the essentials of self-government. The king of Sweden was the commander of their army and their representative in all foreign affairs. The Landtag could only assemble at his summons; its debates were restricted mainly to his proposals; it could not interfere in imperial measures, and it was liable to be dismissed at the royal will. On the other hand, no new law could be imposed and no old law altered without the consent of the Four Estates. The Landtag retained also the right of self-taxation, though the crown reserved to itself the regulation of custom-house dues. Such as it was, the constitution harmonized well with the cautious, "dour" nature of the Finns. It gave them all the liberty they needed to turn themselves into the most contented and intelligent people in Europe, not even excepting the Swiss.

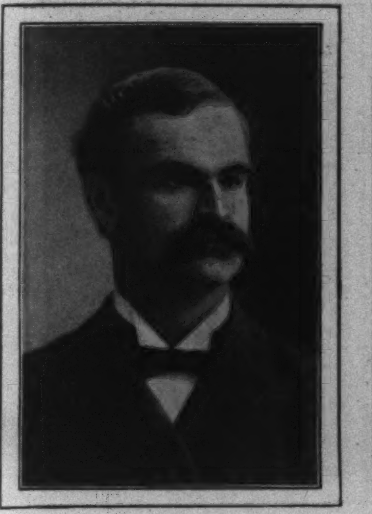
THIS constitution, with all the rights and privileges it brought with it, was guaranteed to the Finns in perpetuity by Alexander I., when Russia took Finland as her spoils after the Swedish war. Each of his successors has taken the oath of fidelity to the Finnish constitution on his accession, the present Czar among them. Alexander II. decreed that the Finnish Landtag should be summoned periodically, and not only at the mere will of the crown. Alexander III. enlarged the scope of the Landtag's powers, till they were virtually autonomous, and up till a year ago Nicholas II. had never been suspected of anything but affection towards the people of his westernmost frontier. Possibly he has the same affection still, and the Finnish policy may be none of his doing. It is always a puzzle to say who, what, or where is the governing authority of the Russian Empire. What is certain is that for the past fifteen years there has been raging in the Russian press a campaign of bitterest abuse against the Finns and all things Finnish. The men at the back of it, whose names are known to the world, are Kurapotkin, Pobyedonostev, and the Governor-General of Finland, Bobrikov. As reactionaries and autocrats, they detested even the moderate self-government permitted to the Finns; as bureaucrats they disliked the notion of even the smallest section of the empire being ruled by its own laws and customs and out of harmony with the general administrative system; and as military men they could not view with any favor a country which might place 40,000 men at the service of the crown and did not as a fact raise more than 8000, and these only for the protection of its own frontiers. Therefore they resolved on the destruction of Finnish independence.

THE first stroke in the plot was to summon the Landtag to consider an armament bill. The measure proposed the raising of a Finnish army of 35,000, to be liable for service in any part of the empire, and demanded from the country a yearly military contribution of 10,000.000 marks. As their constitution provides that the term of military service can only be altered by the unanimous concurrence of the Four Estates, provides further that the army shall only be officered by Finns and only used in the protection of Finland, the Landtag rejected the bill. There were practical reasons for its action, as well as constitutional. Finland is a bare and rugged country, brought to its present prosperity only by the ceaseless industry of its inhabitants, and altogether too poor to be able to spare the asked-for quota of its youth for military service. Moreover, the incorporation of the Finnish with the Russian army meant the advent of Russian officers, and consequently of the Russian language. The next step would be the establishment of Russian as the official language of the country, and the decline of Swedish and Finnish. Add further that the Finns are the products of Western civilization and Western modes of government, singularly temperate, slow-moving, and peaceable, and while loyal at all times to the Russian crown, cannot but feel themselves the superiors of the ordinary Russian peasant—the most brutish and hopeless type of our present age—and one can appreciate their attitude towards the advance of the great Eastern despotism. For the past year they have petitioned and sent deputations to the Czar, but in vain. Their petitions have been left unanswered, and their deputations turned away at the palace door. Now that the last stroke has fallen, and Finland been decreed out of existence, they will meet it passively and resignedly, as is their wont, trusting to raise the Russians to their level by virtue of superior intelligence and character. But those who cannot wait for this sort of moral triumph will seek in America the liberty denied to them at home.

THE Italian Chamber has already had to be closed once during the debate on the Public Safety bill, and may have to be prorogued altogether. The bill itself is an outcome of the riots of May, 1898. Its justification as a measure for preserving order has therefore long since passed by, and it is the constitutional issues raised by the method of its promulgation that are now being discussed so vehemently. Parliament recognized its urgency in the spring of 1899, and adopted it on a second reading by a two-thirds majority. The third reading, however, was blocked by socialist obstruction. The ministers at once prorogued the Chambers for a few days and issued the bill by royal decree, postdating it by a month to give Parliament another chance of passing it in the ordinary way. The chance was not taken, the filibustering tactics of the Extreme Left carrying the day once more. When the month was over, the royal decree automatically became law, without having been adopted by the legislature, and its provisions were applied in several instances by local tribunals throughout the summer and autumn. No doubt of its validity seemed to exist, until a few weeks ago, when the first section of the Court of Cassation quashed a sentence passed upon an anarchist in accordance with its provisions, and declared the status of the decree to be merely that of a draft bill. The government was therefore obliged to bring it before Parliament at once in the hope of getting it legally established. The Opposition maintains that legislation by royal decree is restricted to certain tariff modifications, and cannot apply to ordinary political measures. To this the ministers reply that such measures have been promulgated in the past by royal decree several times and without protest, and that in the present instance the method was invoked simply to save the rights of the majority from being tyrannized over by an obstructive minority. So far, the Extreme Left, by demanding a roll-call on every single application for leave of absence made by members to the President, and by screeching and banging desk-lids when their demand is ignored, have been able to prevent anything being done; and as every ministry in Italy is made up of rival groups which find it convenient to act together for the moment, but have no permanent bond of union, it is not easy to see how the government can defeat the obstructionists short of dissolving the Chamber.

THE French government, in its struggle with the Church, has been obliged to call in the help of the Pope. When the Assumptionist Fathers were prosecuted and disbanded as an illegal association, the bishops of Aix and Valence made vigorous attacks on the ministry. The government retaliated by stopping their salaries. The bishops grew bolder and more vehement in their assaults, and the government has no further means of punishing them. By the terms of the Concordat a bishop is appointed for life, and cannot be removed by the secular power. All that the government can do is to request the Pope to bring a refractory member of the episcopate to book. And this is what M. Waldeck-Rousseau has done. The Pope, if he grants the request, can at once order the resignation of Mgr. Gouthe Soulard and Mgr. Cotton. In the unlikely case of their refusal to obey the command of the Vatican, they would lose all spiritual authority, and might provoke the Pope into appointing an apostolic vicar over their heads to administer their diocese. Either way the French government would carry its point—provided the Pope falls in with the ministerial wishes.

THE appeal to the Pope is all the more significant just now because the French Chambers have under present consideration a bill substituting imprisonment of from three months to two years as the punishment for criticising government measures in pastoral letters, in place of the obsolete and never invoked sentence of banishment. Evidently the ministry has not much faith in the efficacy of its proposals, or in its ability to carry them out. The provisions of this measure vigorously enforced would make the assistance of the Vatican superfluous. As it is, the Pope is placed in a position that calls for all his political dexterity. He has to choose between offending the Church as well as the Assumptionist Fathers, with their enormous wealth, and inviting the enmity of the French government. One may take it for granted that political expediency will dictate his decision, and not any abstract devotion to the spirit of the Concordat; and if he declines to interfere, he will doubtless be able to show good reason for his inactivity.



C. E. Littlefield

WHEN the Roberts polygamy case was before the House of Representatives a few weeks ago, party lines were pretty sharply drawn on the constitutional question whether the House had power to exclude a member-elect who appeared at the bar with indisputable credentials. In the midst of the debate there arose an unknown man, who made a speech which attracted the attention of the whole country by its logical force and clearness. He was a Republican, and the Republicans were as a body asserting the right of exclusion; nevertheless, Charles E. Littlefield, of Maine, argued that the lawful and orderly course for Congress to pursue was to admit Roberts as a member-elect, and then expel him as a polygamist.

"I thought you sided with your party when this fight began?" exclaimed an astonished friend.

"I did," answered Mr. Littlefield. "I assumed at the outset that the House had a right to exclude Roberts; but when I came to study the case, I found that I was wrong."

"You are on the unpopular side now, certainly; I suppose you think that if you are right the people are bound to come around to you in the end?" the friend suggested.

"I can't say as to that," was the quiet response. "Even if they don't, I shall not be lonely as long as I keep my self-respect."

Here was the key to Mr. Littlefield's course in the Roberts matter. It will explain his independence in the Puerto-Rican debate as well. Yet he is a strong partisan, and a believer in party as a means to an end; there is nothing of the pugnacious world-reformer about him. He is no self-advertiser; his autobiography fills only seven lines in the Congressional Directory, against an average at least twice as long. But his physiognomy tells a more detailed story. His strong nose indicates clear intuitions and directness of purpose, and he has a chin which points outward and upward with an ominous warning to smaller men who may get in his way.

Mr. Littlefield is not yet forty-nine years old. His father was a country clergyman with a marked bent for mechanics, and the son, after a high-school education, was put to work at the carpenter's bench. The amusing feature of his school experience, in view of his later career, seems to have been his utter failure in declamation. From carpentry he was graduated into the pattern-shop of a granite company, and among other things helped to prepare and box the stone for the State, War, and Navy Department building in Washington. From his wages he saved enough to enter a law-office in Rockland and study for the bar, and his work was so thorough that he passed the best examination of any applicant for admission in the history of Knox County.

His first public service was in the Maine Legislature, where he interested himself successfully in several measures for improving the condition of the working people, regulating the hours of labor, and extending the law's protection over children employed in factories. His second term was made memorable by his elevation to the Speakership by acclamation; and his record in the chair, in its turn, paved the way for his election to be Attorney-General of the State from 1889 to 1893. Except Thomas B. Reed, he was the youngest man who ever held the Attorney-Generalship. He was also, in some respects, the most successful. In only one of the capital cases of which he had charge did he fail to convict his prisoner; in that instance, after the jury had rendered a verdict of manslaughter instead of murder, it came out that, if Mr. Littlefield's advice had been followed in the first place, the indictment would have been for manslaughter only. The most important civil case tried by him at this time was the State of Maine *vs.* the Grand Trunk Railway Company. This was a suit to recover an excise tax on gross receipts imposed on all railroads for the privilege of exercising their franchises within the State. The company had won at the first trial, on the ground that the local statute was in violation of the exclusive power of Congress to regulate inter-State and foreign commerce. It first fell into Mr. Littlefield's hands after it had been carried to the Supreme Court of the United States on appeal. His argument was based on no precedent, but on the theory that the statute merely provided a means of determining from time to time the value of the railroad franchise. The Supreme Court sustained his view, declaring that it was unable to perceive, in this resort to the gross receipts, "any interference with transportation, domestic or foreign, over the road of the railroad company, or any regulation of commerce which consists in such transportation." The result has brought an annual revenue of between $70,000 and $80,000 into the State Treasury.

Twice Mr. Littlefield has been a delegate to national conventions. His course in 1896, in refusing to consent to the use of Mr. Reed's name for Vice-President, drew upon him the censure of the machine element in Maine politics, who wanted to see the Speaker placed where he must choose between an embarrassing declination and a humiliating acceptance. When, after Representative Dingley's death, Mr. Littlefield offered himself as a candidate for Congress, the machine resolved to punish his loyalty to his friend by preventing his nomination. The upshot of his preliminary campaign was that he was not only nominated, but nominated unanimously. Having got thus far, the candidate gave little further attention to the matter, and his election by nearly 9000 majority, in a total vote of about 14,000, followed almost as a matter of course. His Democratic competitor, John Scott, of Bath, was among the first to announce himself well satisfied with the result.

Reference has been made to Mr. Littlefield's appearance. Most of his portraits make him look too old. His hair, eyebrows, and mustache are of that peculiar dark tint which takes a gray effect in the photographic high-lights, but in nature passes for brown till it has crossed the line where gray merges into white.

The Second District of Maine has no great cities. It used to be known in Washington, in Mr. Dingley's time, as the "Lewiston district," in honor of the town which furnished its most eminent citizen. Mr. Littlefield has represented it only about four months, yet its colloquial name has already been changed to the "Rockland district," and for a corresponding reason. There are few better tests than this of the place a new-comer has made for himself in the esteem of his colleagues in Congress.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

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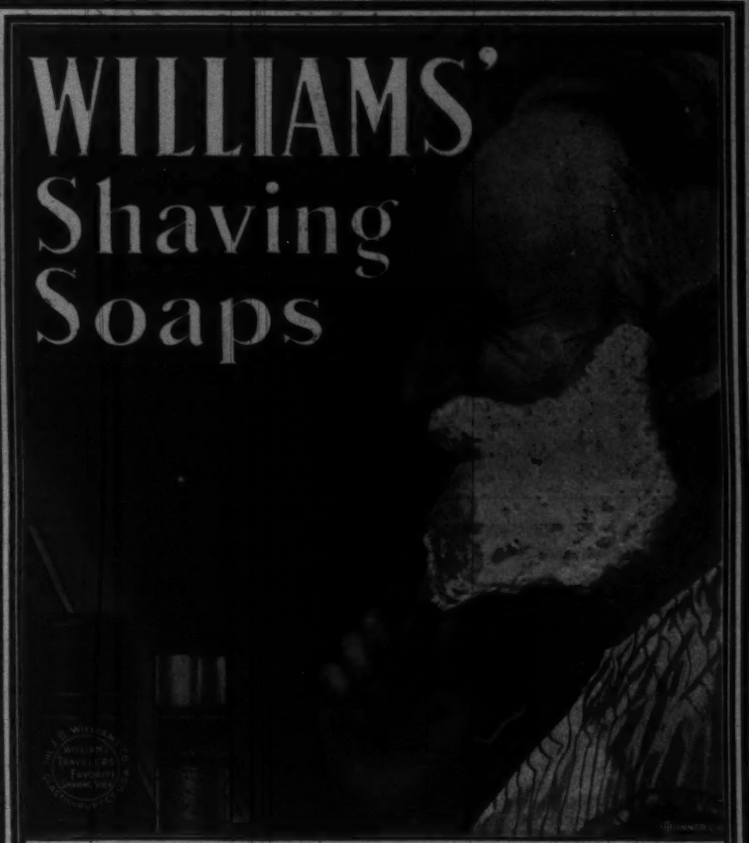

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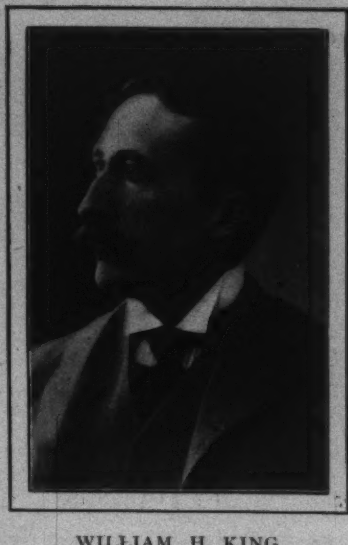
The Utah Candidates

JAMES T. HAMMOND,
Republican Nominee.



WILLIAM H. KING,
Democratic Nominee.

THE contest for Utah's seat in the House of Representatives left vacant by the refusal of the House to admit Brigham H. Roberts is now exciting the voters of that State. The special election to choose a Representative is to be held on April 2, and the short time given for the campaign, and the peculiar nature of the conflict, have served to stir the voters to a high degree of political feeling.

The Democrats have nominated William H. King, who was elected to Congress in 1896, when the silver issue took the State away from the Republicans. The Republican candidate is James T. Hammond, at present Secretary of State. Both men are Mormons, but neither has ever been a polygamist. King refused to run for the House in 1898, being a candidate for the Senate in the contest which resulted in a failure to elect, and a good many people have blamed him for that refusal, since it was followed by the nomination of Roberts, and the consequent trouble and shame to the State. Now the Democracy has placed Judge King upon a platform which contains a plank deploring the action of Congress in refusing to administer the oath of office to Brigham Roberts.

This declaration was made only after a bitter fight, in which about one-third of the convention, including Mormons and Gentiles, opposed the adoption of the resolution. This element contended that the party could not afford to longer sustain the Roberts issue, and should drop it. The fact that Salt Lake City had recently gone Republican was cited as an instance of the harm the cause of Roberts was doing the Utah Democracy.

The Republican convention, on the other hand, ignored the Roberts question, and this has caused dissatisfaction among those voters of the party who favored a positive utterance in favor of obedience to the law against polygamy. The Republicans, however, are hopeful of overcoming the plurality of 5665 which Roberts received, as Hammond is a clean, popular man, and the party, which was split by the silver issue of 1896, is once more united.

THE UNSEEMLY DRAMA

BY A. C. WHEELER

SOME of the later and cleverer Victorian dramatists, in excluding an ideal romanticism from their workshops and confining themselves to what they call the "realism of life," have invited the reproach that they are familiar only with one phase of life, and that an unseemly phase. A list of the plays that have won critical admiration during the closing decade shows a remarkable narrowness in the view of life, and inevitably suggests to the careful examiner that the observation of these workers has been limited to the voluptuous aberrations of life. They have, in most cases, confined their study to that which, from any other than a theatrical point of view, is out of all proportion to the living issues that focus and animate the wholesome energies of life. The heroines of this later Victorian drama, whenever they have attracted undue theatrical attention, have brought the smell of cigarette smoke in their hair, and have insisted that life, to be measured vivaciously, must be viewed in the alcove. The Aspasia of the Coulisse, in so far as she is a psychologic revelation, owes her paternity to the Second Empire. The historical student is deeply interested in the immediate retrospect to find that two masters came almost simultaneously into the dramatic era, and, with talents of a wholly unlike order, succeeded in moving the theatrical world somewhat out of its accustomed orbit. One hesitates to mention them both in the same breath, and yet there they stand in the antipodes of art with their unlike levers under the edge of the drama. They are Richard Wagner and Alexander Dumas *fils*. One invented a new form of theatrical entertainment, which he called Musik-Drama. The other discovered and uncovered Comedy-Drama. One boldly announced that it was not necessary for an art to stand on its own feet when it could use all the other arts as a vehicle. The other exhibited a tenth muse in an alcove, put a crown of immortelles from Montmartre on her head, and christened her Camille. Dumas turned the lights down so that we could not see our own blushes. Wagner turned them up so that we could look into the Middle Ages.

It is impossible to contemplate Dumas's genius and logical audacity without admiration. But we cannot trace the influence of his work without regret. His is a marvellous example of the distinctly theatric talent—a talent that seizes upon a phase of contemporaneous society and condenses it with unparalleled swiftness into objective action. It was the first flash of that rapier of realism which was afterwards to be wielded so wildly well. Nevertheless, the moment one begins to study Dumas he perceives that there is a great deal of truth in M. Pellessier's observation that "Camille" was written by virtue of the audacity and the good fortune of youth, and one may add to this that it betrays not only the ardor of youth, but the hasty generalizations of a judgment not yet liberated from the impulses and the appetites which are an inheritance.

To that gloved blow which the intrepid youth inflicted upon the cheek of dramatic reticence with the Dame aux Camélias we owe the hectic flush that overspreads our society plays. Dumas's life work in its consecutive entirety is a pagan decline. The writer who began his inspection of woman with the emerald eye-glass of Nero ended by bringing her into the arena to be slain by her master. The pagan voluptuousness reached its consummation in pagan cruelty, and the passage from "Camille" to "Tue La" is the way back to the primitive authority of the brute wielding a club with a demoniac morality. He tore down with consummate dexterity the curtains from the sick-room and the sanctuary of despair to show us organic disease and sensual passion seated on the same pedestal. The undeniable cleverness of it all has a calculating air when we consider that Dumas first analyzed his audience and then anatomized his heroine to fit the audience. We behold genius in an eight days' frenzy effecting a brilliant compromise of our longings and our loathings. Such a theatrical triumph is called "psychologic" in the front seats, because it enables us to contemplate what we dare not discuss.

A new enervation begins to sigh through the drama with "Camille." It accompanies itself with a heavy smell of flowers brought from a cemetery, and a ravenous ennui assumes a new and pensive luxuriousness. *Camille*, who succeeded with unrivalled art in making decay voluptuous, doomed at the same time the vitality and the virility of the stage. The Saxon lover retires slowly before her, and the Parisian gallant arrives. He is so piquant without being vertebrate that we clap our hands as children do when they first behold a jelly-fish. Never had we seen the debility of the hot-house so deliciously laundered.

There is no use denying that this form of drama was delightfully effeminate. We were never compelled by it to leave my lady's chamber and go out into the cold, where we would be pretty sure to encounter rough men in boots, who were bothering themselves absurdly with some of the clumsy and exigent duties of life. There was a certain guarantee in "Camille" that our sensibilities would never be shocked, however much they might be cajoled, for a hero who was impotent in character could hardly be roughly procreant in histrionism, and so, by a nice little jugglery, debility came to stand for delicacy.

One does not like to go backward, even in the drama, for stable types, and yet our fathers, who were without electric lights and psychologic costumery, took some kind of delight in the shock of great human purpose on the stage. They were rude enough to demand before all else manliness. The conspicuous dramas of a former era had held up to them gorgeous and bracing elements of life in tumultuous action and reaction. There were in that energetic répertoire great dynastic plays, which dealt with historic forces and heroic passions. They exhibited the virile savage, man, in high and low places, and in all the phases of his upward fight, suffering, defying, overcoming, triumphantly dying. In his brute resistance and even in his ultimate overthrow he projected for us all the qualities that have since fixed for us and formulated his immortal puissance and his finite limitations. Those great epochal dramas, with what Whitman calls their "dragon rancors," with their stormy splendors of caste, their tumults of ambition and hatred and love, appeared to our fathers to be majestic monitors and memorials of world-building and fate-defying individualities, as if history had come down to us on stupendous stepping-stones—Cæsar, Cleopatra, Charlemagne, Macbeth, Richard, Napoleon—instead of seeking the channels of feminine nerves. The drama, like medicine, had not yet discovered its anæsthetics. Men were strong enough to be buffeted even by their amusements. You feel that Dumas had shut the windows on this world, and pulled the curtains down, and arranged the pillows, and assured you that you could now dally with your own disposition undisturbed.

The plays that were inspired or revived by "Camille," vary as they may in motif or ingenuity of treatment, all wear the embroidered yoke of feminization. Woman, with her mysteries on the end of her tongue, begins to usurp the place of the coercive man, who was very apt to carry his convictions on the end of his sword. You begin to hear the delicious swish of skirts in the arena. *Pauvre Frou Frou* has a new and fluttering revelation to make to us—it is that pathos and petticoats are synonymous as well as voluptuous. Wherever there was an aberration French art made a bower for it and called it Life. "Frou Frou," "Fernande," "Le Demi-monde," "The Sphinx," "Ferreol," "La Tentation," "Diane de Lys," "La Femme Claude," leave no recollection with us of the men that were in them, and our memory of the women is still softened by the vapors of the warm bath or of the charcoal furnace that encompassed them. Dumas understood perfectly well that Marcus Aurelius was not a dramatist when he said that "the art of life is not the dancer's, but the wrestler's." But it is safe to say that Dumas did not know, and did not care to know, that, if you begin by giving a girl brandy in her confectionery, she will end by demanding it in her coffee. The actress who begins by playing "Camille" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" will undoubtedly round herself up by playing "Sapho" or "The Clemenceau Case" without going out of the family.

In a technical sense these plays have no similarity, for it is possible to build four abattoirs in four architectural styles. But the plays, in the business which they mean to accomplish, in their narrow motifs, their partial and feverish view of life, and the license they afford to flagrant actresses to make the punishment of vice an excuse for the exhibition of voluptuousness, are all akin. By all odds the most scrupulously adjusted of them (after "Camille") is "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and so scholarly a critic as Mr. Archer could not restrain his joy when it was first produced that somebody had reached the standard of Dumas. "Now," he exclaims, "we have a play that Dumas would not have blushed to sign." And M. Filon, who has written a book on the English stage, declares, "When I read 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' I said to myself that if the greatest gift of Alexander Dumas was that of embodying deep psychologic and social observation in splendid eloquence or dazzling wit, this rare faculty is to be found almost in an equal degree in Pinero's masterpiece." Not content with this, M. Filon goes still farther and points out to us what the "great moral" of that play is. Here is the moral: "It is impossible to domesticate a courtesan." M. Filon sincerely believes that he has made a valuable and startling discovery. It never once occurs to him that the moral is so common and vulgar that it runs back two centuries among the peasantry of the earth, a universal inheritance of common-sense that broke out in the coarse adage, "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." That the novelty or the necessity of the moral will be appreciated as keenly in America as in France may well be doubted. The only question that thoughtful American lovers of the drama care to consider is whether or not the recurrent exposition of this theme is a seemly one and is warranted by the exigencies and the large movements of social life. On the side of the normal men and women of that life which is vital and obedient there can be but one answer to this question, and the answer does not assert itself in literary criticism. It springs from an instinctive sense of proportion, and expresses itself in reticent repugnance.

But not even M. Filon dares to claim that this group of plays in any way represents or reflects the serious or sensible pressure of the burden of existence, with its mysteries and its hopes. They summarize a world in which moral stamina has been destroyed by the cowardly pretence of softening manners, and everybody is too polite to be proper. Woman, when she is not the focus of a morbid curiosity, is the target of a prurient cynicism; and man, emptied of everything but his appetites, wanders through trivial events with a cigarette, looking for an excuse to hang his irony on.

M. Filon's fervent admiration of Dumas's "deep psychologic observation" does not look very profound by the side of Jules Lemaître's remark "that if the play of the 'Dame aux Camélias' appeared, when first given, to be profoundly original, and served to stamp an important date in the history of the stage, it was due to its realism; to the abundance, then a novelty, of the familiar details which exactly classified the woman and painted her surroundings." Such an unwitting acknowledgment exactly fits into Dumas's own account of the genesis of the play, the progression of which is, in conception, from an auction to an autopsy. The idea of the play begins, according to Dumas, at the sale of Marie Duplessis's chattels and lingerie.

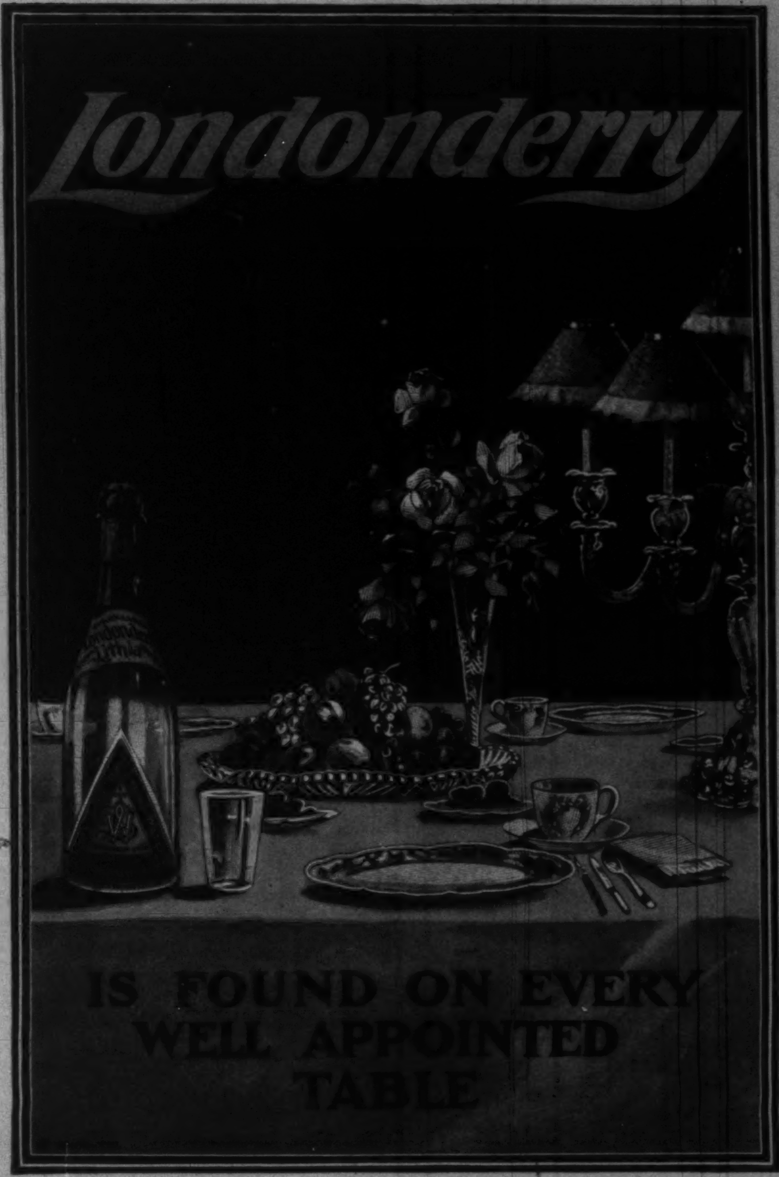
"Among the crowd," he says, "were naturally all the celebrities of elegant vice, stealthily looked at by the fashionable ladies, who had again availed themselves of the excuse of a public sale to have an opportunity of coming in close contact with females whom they could not meet on any other occasion, and whose facile pleasures some of them perhaps envied in secret."

This takes us unerringly to the roots of "Camille." The abundance and variety of the courtesan's effects assembled a crowd of fashionable women. Eureka! let us put the abundance and the variety on the stage. This psychologic astuteness of Dumas has reached down to the present day, and shows itself everywhere in the striving after feminine details and effects. Quite seven-tenths of the popular so-called society plays have nothing whatever to do with society as it is understood and depended on outside of the theatre. They have for their motives the entanglements of illicit love and the cross-purposes of men and women who have very little weight in society at all, and they have depended mainly for their cajolement on the piquancy of personal exhibition. In the appraisement of these dramas it is not necessary for the critical sense to wheel up the heavy artillery of the Decalogue. It is sufficient to see and understand that they are debilitating. We ought to exercise with regard to them the facile judgment that we carry into every well-bred set of ladies and gentlemen, where we instantly detect and shrink from the brummagem, the flaunting, the impertinent, and the shallow, if by any mischance such things obtrude there. For in all good society the guest invariably betrays the company he has kept, and the kind of experience upon which he has founded his views of life and unwittingly framed his manners. There is no method of eating a dinner which can with strict accuracy be called immoral, and yet such a guest may gratify his appetite at your board in a most unseemly manner. It is conceivable that he may bolt his food with the ravening ferocity of the carnivori, regardless of everything but his own appetite. It only needs on his part the added effrontery to call attention with pride to his animal propensities and demand admiration for them as part of life, to bring his performance up to that of the unseemly actress. If we suppose that the guest adds to a purely gustatory impulse a theatrical vanity, he will be very apt to glory in the attention he has awakened. He understands perfectly well that to observe all the proprieties of the dinner table will be very apt to leave him unnoticed in the humdrum of good behavior, and he prefers to hold the mirror up to Nature. The parallel only breaks down when we ask ourselves, with amazement, what is *he* doing here? for with respect to the play we ask ourselves, what are *we* doing there?

Something like pity will always mingle with our protest at these dramas if we understand how, in the nature of things, virtue can never be as concrete and effective to the eye as vice. It was much easier to write effective dramas in the seventeenth century, when man, as Taine says, was just off the dunghill of the Middle Ages, than it is now, when man is lifting himself into the abstraction of communal life and the oughtness of things. It requires something more than a seventeenth-century order of ability to put upon the stage the energizing lesson of a Gladstone, or a Montefiore, than it required to put Henry VIII. or a Borgia there.

What the student is very apt to see, if he is anything more than a comedy dramatist, is that when the debilitated drama threatens with mere voluptuousness of detail to extinguish the romantic, the ideal, and the robust, there are spasmodic attempts of dramatists to revive the masculine element. And when the student sees this he will be interested to observe that every such attempt to put virility back on the boards necessitates the use of other eras than our own. "Under the Red Robe," "Cyrano de Bergerac," and some of Anthony Hope's dramas accept the Wagner thesis and travel backwards. The astonishing admission is made by the modern playwright that to revive effective masculinity you must put a sword in its hand. To have a man on the stage he must kill somebody. How close abreast of the stream of tendency all this is, and how discouraging it is to those who have believed that the drama kept step with the spiritual advancement of mankind! We are compelled to acknowledge either that the essential, the pressing, and the vital concerns of contemporaneous life are not in themselves melodramatic, or that the genius is not present to make them so. The tremendous energies that are transforming our world and affecting the relations of the great human families have no large responsive throb in the theatre. At Mr. Pinero's or Mr. Clyde Fitch's bidding we step out of the domain of events that "connect the stars" into the soft vapors and the trivialities of aberrant amour. Take, for example, the Dignity of Labor, about which we prate in every conceivable way, and which every day shapes more and more the aspirations and the forms of our poetry and our literature. The writer of this article has a letter from the late Charles Reade in which he says: "I have tried to treat that theme in *Put Yourself in His Place.* But that which vindicated itself in literature damned itself in drama, because the drama has educated the working-man to desire an aristocrat or a soldier for a hero, and not a working-man." Mr. Henry Arthur Jones had a momentary desire when he wrote "Judah" to seize upon an abstract truth and make it concrete. His thesis was that a life cannot be based upon a lie, and he makes his hero publicly purge himself of his lie, in order to get on at all in accordance with the nature of things. The reception that this effort met with in New York was rather discouraging. The *Herald* said of it, "Bosh! why didn't the hero lie himself through like a gentleman?" No such disaster befalls the husband in Mr. Jones's "Liars." If that contemporaneous personage has anything under him that warrants his being in the play, it is the dignity, the responsibility, and the loyalty of a husband, and the moral manliness to resent any interference with his rights. Does he stay there? Not at all. It would not be piquant, and so he becomes pusillanimous and popular.

To the uneventfully robust mind these things are not redeemed by the abundance of feminine details, and such a mind must feel a sense of relief when the play is over, and he emerges from the vapor bath to feel the cool wind of the Nature of Things refreshing him under the stars.



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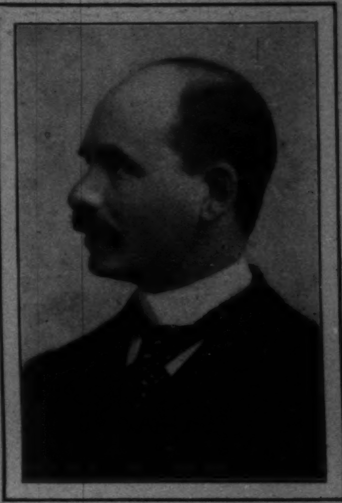


Baron von Gevers

THE new minister plenipotentiary from the Netherlands, Baron von Gevers, reached this country two weeks ago, and has taken up his official residence in Washington. For the past eighteen years the Dutch legation at our capital has been in charge of Minister de Weckherlin, who was transferred last fall to Constantinople. Baron von Gevers received his appointment to the American post immediately afterward, but, owing to sickness in his family, was unable to come to the United States until now.

There is but little about the new minister to suggest the foreigner. He speaks English without a flaw, and has the manner of a gentleman bred on this side of the water. This is not surprising, as his mother is an American. His father, the Baron von Gevers, was the Dutch minister at Washington in 1854, and during his stay there was married to Miss Katherine Wright, daughter of the late Senator Wright of New Jersey.

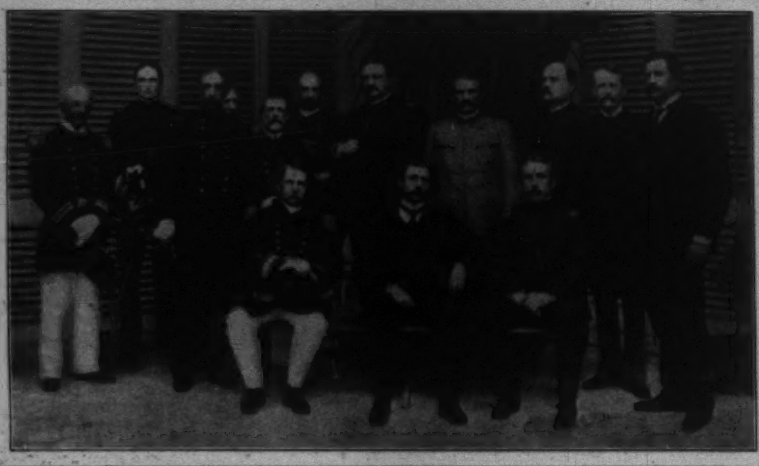
The present minister was born in St. Petersburg in 1856. In 1880 he entered the foreign office at The Hague, and was assigned to the position of attaché of the Dutch legation at Vienna. In 1882 he received his first promotion, and was transferred as secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, and where he remained until 1887. At that time he was sent to London as counsellor of legation. The Dutch minister who was holding the position was old and feeble, and during the seven years that Baron von Gevers was connected with the legation the greater part of the duties of the minister fell upon him, and in this way he gained a much wider diplomatic experience than he otherwise would. In 1894 he was raised in rank to minister resident, and sent to Berne, Switzerland. Two years later he was transferred in the same capacity to Rumania and Servia, and with which legation he continued until his promotion to minister plenipotentiary and his appointment to the Washington post.

Hudson Ice-Cutters

THE army of ice-cutters on the Hudson River form one of the most picturesque features of winter-landscape life, and just now over ten thousand cutters are engaged in harvesting the crop. Of late years the storage capacity of the Hudson River ice-houses has increased so that there is little danger of an ice famine, even if an open winter should occur. Almost half the crop gathered last winter is still in storage, and it is the object of the dealers in time to increase the supply so that enough for two years can be carried ahead. Fully four million tons of ice will be cut this winter and stored in the mammoth storage-houses along the river. The capacity of these is so crowded just now, because of the surplus amount carried over from last year, that every available building near the river-front is impressed into service as a storage-house.

Nearly half a million dollars is paid every winter to the harvesters of the Hudson River ice, and a great many of them depend upon this business for their winter employment. The invention of machines for harvesting the ice makes the work less costly and difficult every year. At present good ice on the river can be harvested at the rate of fifteen cents per ton, and when the ice is poor and needs considerable scraping the cost rarely exceeds twenty cents per ton. Machinery is now employed for cutting the ice, and one man can operate the cutting-machine so that he does the work of five men with the old hand-saws. The scraping, planing, hoisting, and packing are also done by new machinery, so that in fifteen to twenty days a full crop can be harvested. The season when good twelve-inch ice can be gathered is so short some winters that the necessity of economizing time has become imperative. When the season really opens, and the ice is declared thick enough, the upper Hudson is swarming with busy ice-cutters, who divide the honors of the picturesque scene with the skaters and the navigators of swift ice-boats

Gen. Chaffee. Col. Bliss. A. E. Frye.



Gen. Ludlow. Adm. Farquhar. Secretary Root. Gen. Wood. E. J. Rathbone.

SECRETARY ROOT IN HAVANA.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MARY C. FRANCIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

NOTES OF A BOOKMAN

BY E. D. BEACH

A COMPACT, plain account of the English and the Dutch in South Africa, from the time when they first went there in the early part of the century, is afforded in *The Anglo-Boer Conflict*, by Alleyne Ireland (Small, Maynard, & Co.). It takes the English side on the broad issue and generally, though not in all particulars. The sources from which it is drawn reveal the fact that there are Englishmen who have sided with the Boers and Boers who have sided with the English. It is hardly surprising, from the facts that are presented in this book, or from any facts that are generally known, that the Dutch and the English in South Africa should have failed to get along together. Republicanism, as it is practised in the Transvaal, is queer in the eyes of most Uitlanders. To many it does not seem to be at all the genuine article. Perhaps we are misinformed when we are told that President Kruger is the judiciary and the legislature of the government of which he is the head. Perhaps the Transvaal government does not really present the state of things celebrated in the case of the *Nancy* brig in Mr. Gilbert's poem. This historian speaks of "the fatuous attempt of one man to govern a republic at the end of the nineteenth century by the methods of the seventeenth"; and even in the Volksraad at Pretoria Boer speakers have characterized the actions of their government in terms hardly less complimentary.

❧

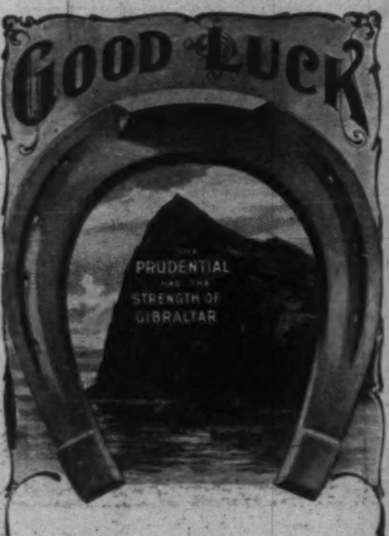
THE lovely Zobeide, queen of the great Caliph Haroun al Raschid, was afflicted most grievously, one of her arms projecting itself at right angles to her body so rigidly and with such obstinacy that it seemed as though she must go on in that distressing manner to the end of her life; and it is not a little curious and not a little illustrative of feminine ingratitude that when Haroun had called in the great physician Geber of Tarsus, and this master of his craft had restored the afflicted arm to its usual state of mobility, the queen should have proceeded with the most scandalous haste to make love to an officer of her husband's household, her act taking to itself an additional and peculiar heartlessness from the circumstance that the officer in question was married to her Majesty's sister. This complicated and strange incident, together with much else of interest that took place in the Caliph's splendid court and in the city of Bagdad, is narrated very cleverly and effectively in the story of *Geber*, written by Kate A. Benton, and published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. Haroun was an interesting monarch, and it is proper to have a book about him.

❧

ONE of the most curious books of positiveness and of prophecy that we have seen is *The Transvaal Outlook*, by Mr. Albert Stickney (Dodd, Mead, & Co.). Of course it is understood of a prophet that he shall take his risks, but he does not often take them with the greed and the unaccounting temerariousness that Mr. Stickney here displays. Events, evidently quite independent of his inclinations and regardless of his reputation for wisdom, have made of him what the unregenerate call a "monkey." No fish was ever caught with a cleaner hook. Certainly it is allowable for anybody to contend for a republic which is merely that in name, and which really is as arbitrary as any imperial despotism which ever was invented. We are not to be coerced in our tastes and convictions in regard to politics. Mr. Stickney's capacity to be amusing is involved particularly in his military forecasts. We hasten to say that he is no more of an object of amusement than the regularly accredited government prophet of the weather, whom the facts mock bitterly every day. As for a broad and generous observation, here applied specifically to the British War Office, but which is applicable, if we may believe all the critics, to any war administration ever known, we may quote the following: "The most prominent characteristics to-day of the British War Office and of the ordinary British army officers are arrogance and indocility. Absolutely confident of their own superiority to the rest of the world, civilized and uncivilized, with an innate imbedded conviction, impossible to dislodge, of the completeness of their knowledge on all subjects, and of the impossibility of their learning anything from other men, the inability of the British War Office, or of the ordinary British officer, to adapt themselves to the modern methods of modern warfare is almost beyond conception." Passing over the slight difficulty in grammar which is here presented, and which is excusable on the ground of a very interesting vehemence, it is probable that this stricture applies to Bull Run Russell rather than to Lord Wolseley. It is unnecessary to follow out the persistent indication of the liberal spirit which pervades Mr. Stickney's work. Undoubtedly the English are an overbearing and disturbing people. If they were otherwise their importance would hardly be more than it is. Notoriously the Transvaal is a liberal and an enlightened government. The city of Johannesburg, which pays four-fifths of its taxes, is an outlandish sore upon its body politic. President Kruger, who has been its head for twenty years, who is its Supreme Court and its Legislature, has the round shoulders of a devoted servant, and nobody has a better command of the scriptural language. It would be curious if so good a man were to be wrong. Mr. Stickney sees this, and his general argument is reasonable accordingly. But the chief importance of Mr. Stickney's book depends upon its military element. And, alas! notwithstanding all the insuperable difficulties that Mr. Stickney has thrown in its way, the fact is that the British army has advanced into the Free State. "This is a war of the Rothschilds—is a war for gold," Mr. Stickney declares on his last page, in capital letters which are quite imposing. It may be that he is right, though there is really no reason for thinking so; but his military forecasts are all wrong, as he himself must at this moment painfully be aware.

❧

THE title *At Start and Finish* could hardly be thought to apply to the revolution of the earth or to Mr. Bryan's speeches. It signifies not only something that has been begun, but something that has been concluded. So far as the speeches of Mr. Bryan are concerned, the last word of it is a merciful suggestion. As a matter of fact, this is the title of a collection of fresh and vigorous stories of athletic endeavor, written by William Lindsey, and published by Small, Maynard, & Co. These tales offer themselves as an account of the experiences of an Oxford athlete hailing from Lancashire, who could do his one hundred yards in an even ten seconds, and who left his home under pressure of trouble and settled himself in Boston—the Puritan and Athenian Boston of this hemisphere—as a professional runner and trainer. He won his "first for money," a hundred-yard run, against "Chipper" Simmons, a capable professional with Indian blood in his veins. One of his stories relates a curious experience with Angus MacLeod, iron-worker of South Boston, whom he trained to throw the hammer, and another involves a very readable account of the games between Oxford and Cambridge on the one side, and Harvard and Yale on the other, which took place in London last summer. There are seven stories, some taken from the author's *Cinder Path Tales*, published several years ago, and now out of print.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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

THE bill reaffirming the gold standard for this country and providing for its maintenance, and authorizing a refunding of the bulk of the national debt at two per cent., and an expansion of the bank currency secured upon it, became a law by the signature of the President on the 14th of March. This result had been so long and so confidently anticipated that it produced no noticeable effect, though the final result of the bank-note "inflation" caused some discussion. The direct effect of converting the bond security and increasing the note issues to the full value of the bonds deposited will be an addition of less than $25,000,000 to the bank circulation. How much will be added by the establishment of new banks with $25,000 capital in small towns and by an increased deposit of bonds by old banks is a matter of conjecture, but there is no fear on the part of banking-men generally that there will be any harmful inflation. Any excess of currency will be easily remedied by redemption, and the whole system now rests securely upon an immovable basis of gold.

In New York, for some weeks, there has been a steady tendency towards stringency in the money-market. The loans of the banks increased by over $30,000,000 in the month ending in the middle of March, while the deposits increased about one-third as much. At the same time the reserves in lawful money were reduced, until they were brought close to the legal limit of 25 per cent. of the deposits. In fact, with some banks they went below that level. This result was produced partly by a drain upon the Clearing House banks by the United States Sub-Treasury, which collected more revenue than it disbursed, and day by day locked up more and more of the funds of the community. At the same time there was a considerable draft upon the banks from the outside, an increased volume of money being required in other parts of the country. The natural consequence was an advance in the rates for loans. Money on call began to range from 4 to 6 per cent., and the rate on sixty and ninety day notes was 5 to 6 per cent. Little anxiety was felt, because general business was undisturbed, and relief was expected from the new currency law. The Treasury will soon be paying out money for the premium on the refunded bonds, valued at their present worth to yield 2¼ per cent. The new bonds will be dated April 1, and the convertible value of the 4-per-cents. of 1907 will then be 111.6765; of the 5s of 1904, 110.0751; of the 3s of 1908, 105.6851. If all should be refunded, over $80,000,000 would be disbursed by the Treasury in the operation from the existing surplus. Much of it, however, is already on deposit in the banks. Other relief to the money-market will come from the increased issue of bank-notes.

A notable incident has been the placing of a part of the British war-loan of £30,000,000 in New York. It is the first time that any part of a European loan has been offered in this country, and no doubt the purpose of this has been partly to draw gold from our abundant stores to the Bank of England, which is in need of it on account of the drafts of the government for South-African war expenses. The loan was subscribed ten times over in London, but the portion allotted to New York through the house of J. P. Morgan & Co. was readily taken up—not because English securities at 2¾ per cent. were in demand for investment here, but because it is believed that they will advance in value, and can be sold to London at a profit in no very long time.

There has been little activity in the stock-market, owing in part to the unsettled money situation, and in part to the absence for two months of the speculative spirit on the exchanges. The professional operators have kept up their efforts, but have had little encouragement from the public. The commission-houses have had few orders, and the speculators were confined mainly to those industrial and traction stocks which lack the stability of ascertained or ascertainable value. The "Sugar Trust" continues to figure prominently on account of the uncertainty of its future affairs, and the Third Avenue Railroad is still a disturbing element, though its shares have advanced somewhat under the receivership. The preliminary report of the receiver showed that its ascertained liabilities were nearly $25,000,000, and its contingent liabilities, including claims for injury, over $11,000,000, and that it would require about $10,000,000 to complete its equipment. The condition of the company has had an unfavorable effect, without logical reason, upon other traction interests.

Reports of the general state of business the country over continue favorable. This is especially true of the railroads and the iron and steel interests, which in a sense afford an index of the general industrial and commercial condition. There has been a slight drawback in labor troubles in the West, including a serious strike in the building trades in Chicago, but these seem to be subsiding.

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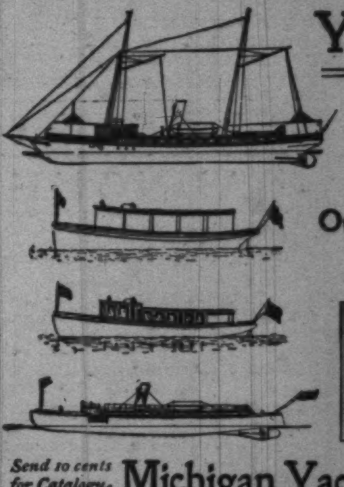

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